# NATIONAL REVIEW

40 Cents

January 16, 1960

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION


## *World Approval or U.S. Security?*

L. BRENT BOZELL

## *This Happy Breed*

COLM BROGAN

## *The Liberals Convert a Cardinal*

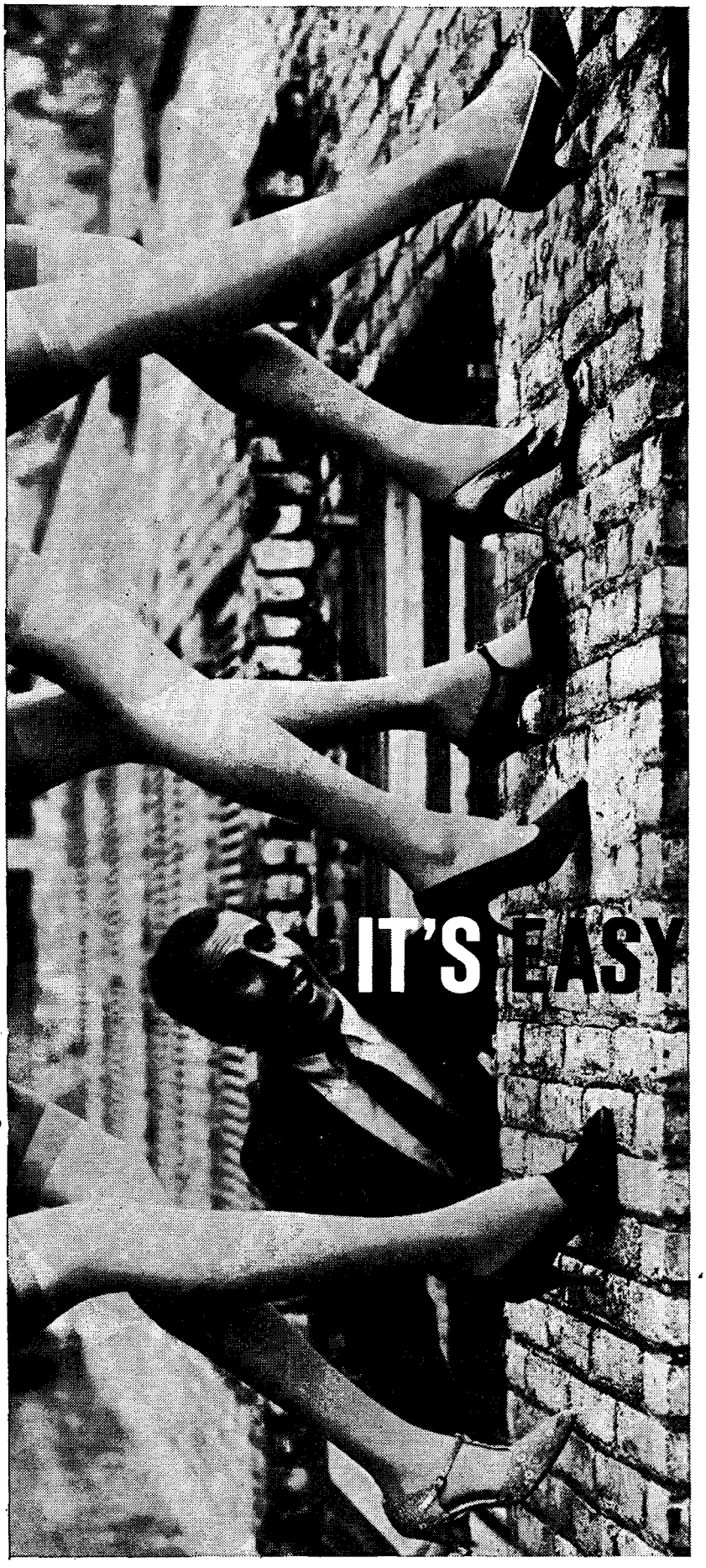
GARRY WILLS

*Articles and Reviews by* . . . . . SIR ARNOLD LUNN

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · RICHARD WHALEN · WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY · GEORG MANN · WILLMOORE KENDALL


LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED




She's agile in
stockings of Agilon!
They hug every
inch of leg with loving
softness yet are
so "alive" they actually
follow every move
she makes, whether
she's taking a
high step onto a bus
or kneeling
to comfort a child.
Stockings of Agilon
make the clammy,
too-warm foot a thing
of the past.
(Increased moisture
evaporation
provides thermostatic
qualities that
insure comfort all
around the calendar.)

# IT'S EASY IN AGILON®

The woman who
buys stockings of Agilon
need never again
be embarrassed by the
droopy wrinkles
of poor fit. And her legs
will always have
a beautiful complexion—
uniquely soft,
softly lustrous!

Buy Stockings of AGILON Nylon
at your favorite store.

*Another development by Deering Milliken Research Corporation.*

•REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF DEERING MILLIKEN RESEARCH CORP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher
EDITORS
L. Brent Bozell James Burnham
John Chamerblain Willmoore Kendall
Frank S. Meyer
MANAGING EDITOR: Priscilla L. Buckley
PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden
WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones
ASSOCIATES
Frank Chodorov, Jonathan Mitchell, Morrie Ryskind
EDITORIAL ASSISTANT: John Leonard
CONTRIBUTORS
C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, John Abbott Clark, Peter Crumpet, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Medford Evans, Finis Farr, J. D. Futch, Aloise B. Heath, Karl Hess, Hugh Kenner, John D. Kreuttner, Suzanne La Follette, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, Maureen B. O'Reilly, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Garry Wills
FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS
*London*: Anthony Lejeune
*Munich*: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Charles J. McHugh



CONTENTS JANUARY 16, 1960 VOL. VIII, NO. 3

THE WEEK ..... 28

ARTICLES

The Liberals Convert a Cardinal .....Garry Wills 37
This Happy Breed .....Colm Brogan 40
Letter from London .....Sir Arnold Lunn 43

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record ..... 27
National Trends .....L. Brent Bozell 34
The Third World War .....James Burnham 36
Principles and Heresies .....Frank S. Meyer 42
The Ivory Tower .....Wm. F. Buckley Jr. 44
From the Academy .....Russell Kirk 45
To the Editor ..... 53

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Moral Son of a Moral Father .....John Chamberlain 46
Time Present, Time Future .....Richard Whalen 47
A Scandal to the Skeptics .....Willmoore Kendall 48
The Back Side of Paradise .....Georg Mann 50
The Little Flower Blooms Again
Priscilla L. Buckley 52



ATIONAL REVIEW is published weekly by National Weekly, Inc. 440 Post Road, Orange, Conn. (second class mail privileges authorized at Orange, Conn.). Copyright 1960 in the U.S.A. by National eekly, Inc. All manuscripts, letters, subscription orders, changes of ldress and undeliverable copies should be sent to:

EDITORIAL AND CIRCULATION OFFICES
National Review
150 East 35th St., New York 16, N.Y.
Telephone ORegon 9-7330

ATES: $15.00 a year ($8.00 for the 32-page issues, and $7.00 for e 8-page issues published on the alternate fortnights). The 8-page sues are available separately at $10.00 a year. In all cases, add $1.00 r Canada, $2.00 for other foreign subscriptions.
he editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless turn postage, or better, a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. pinions expressed in signed articles do not necessarily represent the ews of the editors.


# *For the Record*

Not saying it publicly, but displeased over steel settlement, is Treasury Secretary Anderson, who sees it as major setback to his fight for stable dollar. . . . Expect plenty of fireworks over civil rights legislation in Congress as Democratic Presidential hopefuls vie for northern Negro and Liberal votes. The White House planning to stay out of this one. . . . Republicans, who know it's mathematically impossible to win the Senate in November, concentrating their efforts on House campaigns. . . . An American newspaperman recently released from a Cuban prison insists a twice-postponed anti-Castro revolution will be triggered this month. . . . Same source says Castro receiving equipment and money from Nasser. . . . Dr. Arthur L. Miller of Denver, the prominent Presbyterian minister who discovered, on an eleven-day trip to Cuba, that there were no Communists in the Castro government, *now backtracking* (presumably under pressure). Miller now says his appraisal of Cuba was hasty, incomplete.

Not renewed, the India-China trade pact which expired at the end of the year. . . . Egyptian papers speculating that British Prime Minister Macmillan will visit Egypt during current African trip, formally ending Suez controversy. . . . Colonel Nasser's memoirs of the Suez war will be published in March, according to Al Ahram, a leading Cairo organ. (What on earth will he say?) . . . Iraq now permitting formation of political parties, provided they aren't either pro-Western or pro-Nasser. . . . Given prison sentences for allegedly black marketeering: two Polish newspapermen working for Western publications. One was the interpreter for New York Times correspondent A.M. Rosenthal, recently expelled from Poland for chronic truthfulness.

Ralph de Toledano, author and a Washington correspondent for Newsweek, suing the New Republic and radio newsman William Costello. Toledano charges Costello's articles on Richard Nixon, recently serialized in the New Republic (which Viking plans to bring out in book form this month) were plagiarized from his 1956 biography, Nixon.

General Wedemeyer heading committee for testimonial dinner, Tuesday, January 26 on the Starlight Roof of New York's Waldorf-Astoria in honor of Alfred Kohlberg. (Price: $12.00 a plate. For information write: Marvin Liebman, 343 Lexington Avenue, N.Y.C.)




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# The WEEK

● Such are the tides in the affairs of men that some inevitably drown. It was our first impulse to write off the hardy crew of the good ship *Alert* as Rockefeller Republicans seeking a new life. We watched with a wry wonder as the hopefuls piloted an ancient refrigerator ship out of Seattle's harbor and south on the Pacific. Destination: the Galapagos Islands, 600 miles west of Ecuador, a tropical paradise chiefly renowned for its bananas, its tuna fish, its 400-pound tortoises and its historic tradition as a buccaneering Mecca. But we recalled that the Galapagos also provided much of the initial source material for Charles Darwin. Seen by such a ghostly light, the *Alert's* new colonists—families determined to cut an American settlement out of the raw land of San Cristobal—took on a far more serious aspect. In the age of the atom, they had chosen to devolve. In flight from the Affluent Society they had elected to return to the roots, to wrest their living from land and sea, to begin again. To be sure, applicant families for the Great Experiment were obliged by the organizers to submit to psychological tests to establish their compatibility. But after all, unnatural selection can hardly afford to be wayward.

● Congress is in session, and we hasten to wish the legislators well. What wouldn't *we* give for *their* opportunity! Here they have a chance to pass a good labor law that will forever prevent a single man in charge of an industry-wide union from tying up a whole basic industry for months on end. Here they have an opportunity to vote the sinews of defense and to announce to Khrushchev: "This is our real view-from-the-Summit." There are all the Hoover Commission reports Congress has yet to act on. There is the tottering budget and our adverse trade balance . . . Whoa! All we started to say was, Happy legislating, boys, and please ask yourselves, every time before you vote, Does this measure maximize our personal freedom or fortify our national independence?

● We are reassured to note the formation of a National Student Committee for (yes, *for*) the Loyalty Oath. It has been organized by two 21-year-olds, David Franke and Douglas Caddy, students, respectively, at George Washington and Georgetown Universities. The address is 2405 37th Street, N.W., Washington 7, D.C.; telephone: FEderal 3-5311. We suggest our readers pass the information along to any college students who might want to enroll in what will possibly be the only organization opposing the drive to persuade Congress to eliminate from the National Defense Education Act the oath of loyalty that Harvard and Yale have found so Horrible.

● Mr. Pinhas Rosen, Minister of Justice for Israel, is right in suggesting that anti-Semitism is a universal phenomenon, but he is probably wrong in going on to suggest that the world-wide outbreak of anti-Semitic vandalism is the work of a comprehensive international anti-Jewish conspiracy. Much more plausible is the analysis of British Intelligence, which concludes that the whole thing is being run by the Communist apparatus, uniquely trained and disciplined to carry out this kind of an operation as an aid in its continuing, and intensifying, Hate-Germany campaign. The Communists have succeeded in embarrassing Dr. Adenauer—though it is difficult to understand why they have found it so easy to stir up the people to believe that a few furtively-executed swastikas constitute a renascence of anti-Semitism. The excitability, exemplified here by the *New York Times'* publishing on its front page a picture of the Cologne swastika, the very first of the series, distorts the picture and contributes to the Communists', or the crackpots', success.

● The Soviet film version of Khrushchev's visit to the United States was SRO during its entire run in Peiping's leading movie emporium—all two days of it. It was abruptly cancelled when Chinese Communist authorities belatedly realized that, as far as the audience was concerned, the real star of the show was America's affluence, not the rotund Premier. Since this was obviously a false picture—all good Chinese Communists know that America is on the brink of collapse—the film was hastily withdrawn.

● You have to hand it to Fidel Castro: he is seldom somnolent. There's always something going on down at the funny farm. Last week it was the newspapers. It's not that the People's Revolution wants to infringe on the freedom of the press (that's what Batista did!). But the Revolution *does* want to make sure the People aren't misled by false reports from abroad published in Cuban newspapers. Solution (so simple it never would have occurred to us): every Cuban newspaper must now, under the law, label a story unfriendly to the Revolutionary Government as "Untrue" or "Unethical" in conspicuous type, right above the story. Think of the possibilities of such a plan. We swoon in contemplating them.

● One thing 45,000,000 Frenchmen were agreed upon as they woke with heavy heads on New Year's morn



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was that this was no time to have to plunge into the mental gymnastics required in the overnight conversion from the old (or light) to the new (or heavy) franc. And the grumbling has been going on ever since—nonstop. The woman who pays for her *baguette* of bread with an old 100-franc note and gets 34 centimes in change (centimes haven't been seen in years) is enraged. The restaurant cashier fulminates as she adds a second line of prices to every menu in flowing, angular red and purple ink. And arithmetic classes have been reduced to chaos. Still, in a way the French are lucky. Imagine the chaos if England ever attempted a devaluation of this sort. Quickly now, what would one-tenth of £16.12.3 be?

Mr. Alfred Kohlberg, who in his capacity as the entire China Lobby is ever on the alert for Red Chinese propaganda, spotted an item in the *New York Times* one morning—and thought and thought about it. The dispatch was from Peiping, and had to do with the vigor of agrarian reform under Communism—as witness the 540,000,000 fruit trees planted in the dry bed of the Yellow River in Honan and Shantung provinces. There was also an editorial commentary by the *Times,* expressing its flushed admiration for so prodigious an accomplishment. Mr. Kohlberg, who has been to China and had a vague impression about the size of the Yellow River, was disconcerted. He dug out an atlas and started furiously computing. It turns out there are 500 square miles in the Yellow River bed, which means 320,000 acres. Divide that into 540,000,000 trees, and you have—1,687 trees per acre! Standard procedure for planting trees in decadent, capitalist California is 40 fruit trees per acre (one forty-second of the Chinese claim). Any loser, and they are said to choke each other. Mr. Kohlberg has suggested the news correspondent, and the *Times* editorialist who sang the paean, should submit Peiping press releases to a little analysis before passing them on to the public at face value. Perhaps Mr. Watson of IBM could be persuaded to devise a special little machine into which to feed Red Chinese statistics—sort of a Probability Meter. The China Lobby would gladly present one to the *New York Times.*

NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR OUR CHILDREN DEPARTMENT: Some recent doctoral dissertations at Columbia Teachers College: "Integrating School Lunch into the Elementary School Curriculum"; "A Study of Little League Baseball and Its Educational Implications"; "A History of Competitive Rowing in Colleges and Universities of the United States of America"; and our very favorite): "The Cooperative Selection of School Furniture to Serve the Kindergarten through Third Grade Program in the Garden City Public Schools."

## *'If There Is a Way, We Haven't Found It'*

STEEL SETTLEMENT IS REACHED;
UNION VICTOR; PRICE RISE SEEN;
NIXON, MEDIATOR, GAINS STATURE

—headline, *New York Times,* Jan. 5, 1960

"We are glad, of course, that it is settled [said Roger Blough]. It had to be settled for the good of the nation. . . . However, the agreement we must now live with is not what we tried so long and so hard to obtain.

"I suppose the most accurate way to express it, would be to say that it was imposed upon us—not by Government—but by circumstances, and the circumstances were these:

"It was clear that the union—having won substantial settlements in other industries in which it has contracts—was unwilling to agree to terms we thought we could live with.

"It was clear, too, that the union had the power to subject the nation to another crippling strike and might do so.

"It also seemed clear that the Government would not permit the nation to be paralyzed by such a strike; and that it must therefore obtain a settlement either by persuasion if possible, or by new legislation which might involve compulsion on both sides. . . .

"In each of these industries The Steelworkers Union hailed their agreement as a 'non-inflationary settlement.' And almost simultaneously with the signing of the contracts, an upward movement in prices, which had previously been lowered for competitive reasons, occurred in all of these same industries.

"It is [all a] part and parcel of the inflationary wage-scale spiral that has been sweeping this country for the past twenty years, and that has cut the purchasing power of the dollar by more than half during that time.

"It is certainly one of the major reasons why bread sells for 25 cents a loaf instead of 12 cents and why automobiles sell for $3,000 instead of $1,500. It is surely a major reason why your friend's pension will only buy half as much as he expected it would provide twenty years ago.

"The settlement, of course, will provide increased benefits for the steel workers in the form of better pensions, insurance, and wages; and on the other hand it can certainly weaken further their ability to compete in the marketplace against the workers in steel mills abroad, as the gap between wage costs on opposite sides of the ocean continues to widen.

". . . there is no basic conflict of interest between



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the needs of the company and the needs of the steel workers. We are all in the same boat. . . .

"If there is any answer to the problem that American industry faces when it tries to reach a non-inflationary labor agreement, it's pretty obvious that we, in the steel industry, haven't found it."

I

The pathos and resignation in the capitulation of Roger Blough, President of United States Steel, are best understood by examining the tacit assumptions of the headline in the *New York Times*. The *union* is the victor. Prices *will* rise. And Nixon, the mediator, *gains* stature!

If conditions were of the kind to permit the President of United States Steel to speak more buoyantly, such a headline as the *Times'* would be unthinkable. A nation in its right mind would not applaud the man who hands over a victory to a union hellbent on an objectively unjustified wage increase. A union which, moreover, refused to permit the employers to effect savings with which to pay for a wage increase by discarding obsolete work rules.

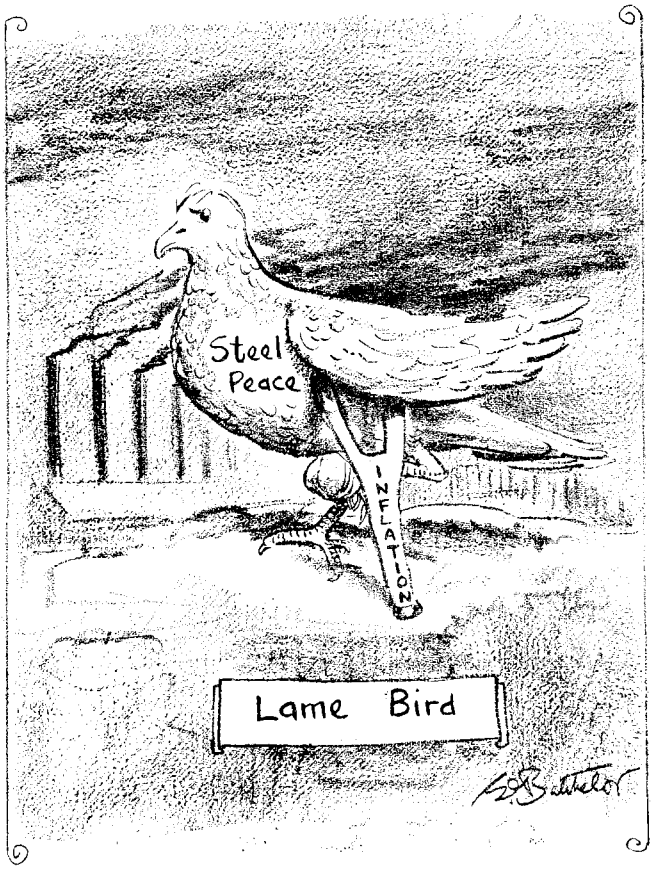
There is normally a lot of mystification when new agreements are reached—the result, usually, of an effort to save face, or to disguise, by this or that evasion, the direct economic or political meaning of what has taken place. But in this case the issues were so clearly joined as to have made it impossible to conceal the truth. "The companies clearly lost their big fight for a change in Section 2B, the local working conditions clause," the *New York Times'* story reported. ". . . The agreement provides for a joint committee, headed by a neutral chairman, to study the local working conditions provisions and their application and to make recommendations by Nov. 30, 1960. The agreement provides only 'for such action as the parties may mutually agree upon.'"

That is to say, it provides for nothing at all. Anything the unions and management agree upon can be done immediately. That was true before the strike. It was true twenty-five years ago.

II

The failure of the steel companies relates directly to the generic irresolution of the American people—a failure of which Modern Republicanism is the best expression. It is one thing to have a Harry Truman, or even a John Kenneth Galbraith egg on the inflationists—a Truman simply doesn't understand; a Galbraith wants to play with inflation, as the sorcerer's apprentice wanted to play with magic; and there is nothing to do there but wait until the hubris subsides.

But with the Eisenhower Administration it is a case, pure and simple, of political sloth. All the exhortations to fiscal responsibility, which Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon delivered so impassionedly are meaningless if their ultimate intervention, after six months on the sidelines, induces a fiscally irresponsible outcome.




Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Nixon might have said publicly that a rise in wages, given the necessary economic consequences of such a rise, was *unjustified* in the absence of a corresponding increase in labor efficiency. They might have followed up the rendering of such a judgment with a program to a) decentralize the industry-wide labor unions; and b) tighten the anti-monopoly laws, to guarantee genuine competition among the steel industries. They chose instead the way of neutrality, to ride the promise of Modern Republicanism, that middle road between right and wrong. We suggest the forthcoming rise in prices be designated by the economists as the Nixon Hike.

## *The Right to Resent*

Even though he has sourly refused to say he would refuse a convention draft, Nelson Rockefeller's decision to take himself out of the Presidential sweepstakes must be taken as final. Drafts for Presidential nomination happen spontaneously. Rockefeller, in view of his announcement that he cannot leave New York State long enough to wage a "massive" cam



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paign, is hardly in a position to encourage the sort of organization that is necessary to stampede a convention.

This leaves us repeating that it is not a good thing for a great political party to move toward its convention without the cleansing and reinvigorating shock of debate. Without contest from the left and the right, Nixon, as heir apparent to Eisenhower, is relieved of any necessity to move an inch from a wholly undefined middle of the road. If Senator Bridges, say, or General Wedemeyer were a presumptive candidate for the Presidential nomination, Nixon might be compelled to measure his own views against a truly conservative position. Or if he were pressed from the mild left—by Henry Cabot Lodge or John J. McCloy—he would have to define himself in relation to the "modern" Republican pull. As it is, nothing will be clarified in the months that lie immediately ahead.

Clarification must, however, come before the voting in November. Without opposition in his own party now, Richard Nixon will be forced to define himself in the short space that stretches from August to late October. We don't say this is impossible. But with Rockefeller bowing out of the race, Republicans are left with no means of registering their impact on Mr. Nixon before he gets the shoo-in notification that he is their Mr. It. Since they have a voice, and presumably wish it to be effective, they have a right to resent the impotence of their position.

## *Position of Weakness*

On December 31 excited headlines announced one of mankind's most remarkable technical achievements. On the preceding afternoon, at Groton, Conn., the United States Navy commissioned the 380-foot, 5,400-ton nuclear submarine, *George Washington,* equipped with a green forest of sixteen giant tubes for *Polaris* missiles, able to navigate submerged for as much as two months running. The military correspondents explained how the *Washington* and her sister-ships will give the nation a concealed and ever-moving strategic force immune by its nature to destruction from enemy action, and therefore able to forestall enemy attack by the threat of sure retaliation.

Far down from the headlines was the footnote that no *Polaris* missiles exist to arm the green tubes; and, at the leisurely pace of the production program, none will exist until, at the earliest, next autumn. The dispatches omitted altogether to remark that one or two or a half-dozen missile-bearing submarines have negligible strategic meaning; that at least 75, more probably 100, are required for a genuine "weapons system"; that no specific plan or proposal exists for building anything like that number in the foreseeable future. Indeed, two days after the launching there came from Groton the news that the Electric Boat Division of General Dynamics Corp., builder of *George Washington,* was laying off 11,000 uniquely skilled workers—because there was no new submarine for them to work on.

There is nothing paradoxical in this horrifying development. The production line for *Atlas,* our sole operational ICBM, is moving at less than half the rate of which it is presently capable. Three weeks ago the program for *Minuteman*—the essential solid-fuel missile designed for mounting on moving railway trains or in continual takeoff readiness—was cut back and stretched out. Project *Samos*—the extraordinary but realizable scheme for a system of "Peeping Tom" satellites which could keep the entire Soviet territory under continuous surveillance—has been sliced so deeply that its execution is in doubt. The plans for nuclear-powered seaplanes, which could constitute another invulnerable force reinforcing our strategic strength, have been shelved. The objectives as well as the timing of Project *Mercury*—through which the astronauts will be launched into orbital flight—have been set back substantially, notwithstanding the decisive significance for our entire future, both military and civilian, in space, that the prospect could have.

Clearly we do not witness here an anomalous incident or oversight, but a policy. These cuts and slowdowns involve new and essential devices without which we cannot solve our developing strategic problems. The policy is expressed in the disastrous nuclear test ban discussed by Brent Bozell (see p. 34), by the failure to organize the limited-war force that General Maxwell Taylor analyzes in his *Uncertain Trumpet,* and by the virtual abandonment of serious political warfare operations.

Is the President really so hypnotically fixed on the idea of himself as Peace Crusader, so obsessively confident of his ability to win Khrushchev to his ideals, that he no longer perceives the physical danger to his country? The danger, ever mounting toward an unexpected maximum three years from now, comes not from Soviet intentions—which after all can change—but from their technical capacity to harm us, indeed to destroy.

*To insure domestic tranquillity and to provide for the common defense*: these are the essential tasks of government—the excuses for government. If a government cannot defend its citizens, it is a government no longer. To this primary duty all other governmental tasks and functions—*all without exception*—are subordinate. Yet the budget-balancing slashes proposed by both the President and Congress



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

apply in every case to the instruments necessary to the common defense, while dozens of subsidies and handouts for everything from bridges to electric lights are not only maintained but increased.

On May 16 the President is scheduled to enter into direct negotiation with the representative of the enemy. Even so, we are giving away our bargaining counters, *before* the negotiations start. Far from mustering our maximum strength, existing and prospective, to back our talk at the Summit—the rational approach to any negotiation in any field—we prepare a position of expanding weakness. Professor Oskar Morgenstern, to whose brilliant book, *The Question of National Defense,* we have had several occasions to refer, has summarized the absurdity in an article written for the *New Leader:* "Since the beginning of the cold war there has not been a worse moment for a negotiated settlement with the Soviet Union than the present. The Soviet press has pointed out correctly that we are no longer negotiating from a position of strength, which is another way of saying that we are negotiating from weakness, and it has congratulated us upon this reversal of our position, as it might well do in view of Soviet interests."

Is there not even one of the Presidential candidates, of either party, who will speak out to his countrymen? Or is it to be Peace and Prosperity all the way—to defeat?

## *TV's New Year*

Attorney General William P. Rogers' long report to President Eisenhower on "deceptive practices" in the TV and radio broadcasting industry, made public at the temporary White House in Augusta, Ga., on New Year's Day, is in many respects a masterly summation of abuses. It came out just in time to serve as a reminder to Dr. Frank Stanton of CBS and Robert E. Kintner of NBC that some New Year's resolutions are definitely in order.

For the most part, the Attorney General was content to call to the President's attention that the Federal Communications Commission and the Federal Trade Commission already have the power to proceed against such evils as the rigging of shows, the under-the-table passing of payola, and indulgence in fraudulent advertising claims. After chiding the regulatory agencies for not having used their existing powers to the full in the past, Mr. Rogers asked for some new legislation designed to strengthen laws that are already on the books. He did not, however, adopt a fearsome "there oughta be a law" tone in calling for new legislation, nor did he put all his eggs in the single basket of "control." Salient among his recommendations was a proposal that the Federal Trade Commission call an industry-wide conference to fix a code of standards for TV and radio advertising. Presumably Mr. Rogers has voluntary compliance to such a code in mind.

Commenting on the attitude of the newspaper correspondents who received the Rogers document at Augusta, the *New York Times* reporter remarked: "The question asked by many observers here was why . . . Mr. Rogers did not make positive recommendations for full Federal regulation of networks. . . ." For our part, we ask no such question. We would like to ask, however, why Mr. Rogers did not positively recommend pay-television as the obvious means of putting the industry under the rule of the consumer, which is where all industries should be.

## *De Gaulle, France, Khrushchev*

Charles de Gaulle is the prime living refutation of materialist theories of history. Time and again his career has proved that physical and economic fact must bow to idea and principle. In 1940 France was physically defeated, but the idea of France lived inviolate in Charles de Gaulle's spirit. It was the idea, in the end, that conquered. For a decade prior to May 1958, de Gaulle lived alone and apart, a single man balanced against a corrupted nation. The unbending principles to which the single man adhered proved weightier than the passions and self-interest of the opposing mass.

Once again in recent months, by loftiness of spirit, by the bare power of idea and principle, de Gaulle —though governing a country of third rank in material wealth and power—has bent to his will the swelling chiefs of the world empires. It is de Gaulle, not Khrushchev or Eisenhower or Macmillan, who has dictated the schedule and preparation for the Summit meetings that have become the focus of world diplomacy. The fate of NATO now lies in de Gaulle's hands. And it is de Gaulle who—in measured defiance of the UN Assembly and the Big Three monopolists of material power—prepares his own nuclear tests in his own fashion.

For his triumphant assertion of the true order of being and thus of truly human values, we have long admired and honored Charles de Gaulle. Yet—unlike some of those who discovered his virtues only when he took power—we try to hold our admiration in context. De Gaulle's self-defining idea is, after all, not universal but French—and therefrom derives its concreteness as well as its fire and strength. Now up to a point there is no trouble in that, for the fate and interests of France are bound up with those of the world to which our country integrally belongs, the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Western world. But our political Fathers rightly warned us against exclusive or permanent reliance on *any* other nation, no matter how close. The fact is that, though our path and that of France are today so nearly parallel, they may yet diverge. For that contingency, too, we should be ready.

De Gaulle's initiative in inviting Khrushchev to France and pledging a return visit to Moscow could be rivalry as well as imitation of Dwight Eisenhower. In his declarations of the past weeks, de Gaulle, who is never offhand, has gone out of his way to confirm the Communist thesis on the German-Polish boundary; to remark a "more reasonable" Soviet attitude; to see a spreading rift between the Soviet Union and China, and to refer to the coming threat to the "white men" of Russia from the "yellow hordes" of Asia; and to project a vision of a Europe "one from the Atlantic *to the Urals*" (the quoted phrases are from his majestic press conference, or audience, in late November).

Nikita Khrushchev, on his side, has not only praised de Gaulle personally, but in pursuit of the policy which James Burnham analyzes elsewhere in this issue (see p. 36) has offered him political gifts of immense value. Most tempting of all is Khrushchev's seeming promise of what France has never been able to get from us, her ally: support on Algeria, the issue which de Gaulle regards as decisive for France's future.

There have thus been assembled some of the premises for a Franco-Soviet "understanding"—for a revival of the Franco-Soviet pact which de Gaulle himself went to Moscow to negotiate in 1946, and which is still formally valid.

We are discussing here the merest possibility, of course. But a possibility, nevertheless. Charles de Gaulle will never be guilty of a dishonorable act. But in his mind there is an identity between honor and the national interest of France as he sees that interest. Moreover, with a conception of history bounded by the idea of nations as the effective realities, de Gaulle has never understood the nature, method and strategy of Communism. He shared the wartime fallacies of Roosevelt and Churchill; he admired and still admires Stalin as a great national leader; he has never got rid of the illusion that the Communists in the French Resistance were *his* comrades, fighting for France. If he had truly learned from the past, he would have been less eager to invite Khrushchev to spend a fortnight travelling through a France where a quarter of the population votes Communist and another quarter is Liberal and collaborationist.

De Gaulle does not understand Communism, and unfortunately his ignorance will not be dispelled by the only persons to whom on this matter he might be willing to listen: the leading statesmen of his Anglo-Saxon allies. From them he will not learn because they have nothing to teach.

If de Gaulle believes, false as that belief would be, that a deal with Moscow will serve France—as once we know he believed—then he will try to make that deal.

## *Albert Camus*

Albert Camus, who died in an auto accident January 4 at the age of 46, was an authentic and probably the most brilliant representative of "the generation of the Resistance." He never succeeded in fighting his way out of the metaphysical night of our age, but he endured the darkness with courage, dignity and humane-ness, and an austere rejection of the ideological drugs in which most of his contemporaries drown their spiritual terror. He was the first great writer to come from French Algeria, whose sun, sea, desert and bitter inhabitants are so pervasively present in the images of his prose. He matured in the Resistance, whence he emerged to public attention as an editor of *Combat*, which went into a meteoric orbit at war's end. Though much influenced by Existentialism, Camus broke with its high priest, Jean-Paul Sartre, because of Sartre's pro-Communism.

Many of Camus' novels, essays and plays—for which he won the Nobel Prize in 1957—are multivalent symbols that articulate the cold, black judgment on man's fate to which so many men of intelligence and sensibility have been driven by the disasters of our century. In *The Myth of Sisyphus*, man is the Greek hero condemned ever to roll the stone to the hilltop only that it may once again roll back. In *The Stranger*, man is the alien, the outsider, in a universe with which he and his values have no correlation. In *The Plague*, the African city ravaged and isolated by the rat-born disease is also Nazi-occupied France, Bolshevik-ruled Russia, and merely the human-occupied earth. His play *Caligula*, which will be produced in New York this winter, links our century's desolation with ancient Rome's.

Yet—such is man's sometimes saving irrationality—Camus did not despair while stating a philosophy whose logic demanded despair. Keeping clear of parties and factions, he spoke and fought—not always wisely but honorably and well—for men's freedom and dignity as these seemed to him at stake in France, Russia, Hungary or Algeria. His wife, two children and an extraordinary number of friends—Camus was a man of great personal charm in unusual combination with such brilliance—refuted in their own way the reasoning by which he found the universe to be a spiritual desert.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

## Notes and Asides

To the readers of *National Review*:

In a letter I addressed in December to all subscribers, urging you to give gift subscriptions to NATIONAL REVIEW for Christmas, I promised to report on the results of that drive.

Was it a success?

In trying to answer that question, I feel a little like the boy who was asked by his teacher whether the glass of water was half full or half empty. The drive was *both* a success *and* a failure. It did *not* send NATIONAL REVIEW's circulation to astronomical heights —or, I am sorry to say, solve our financial problems; not by a long shot. But it *did* result in the largest number of subscription orders we have ever received! Enough to push NATIONAL REVIEW *Magazine's* paid circulation to well over 30,000 *for the first time in its history,* while giving an impressive boost to the *Bulletin* as well.

Sorry it wasn't more? So am I; but let's be grateful for our blessings. Above all, and in behalf of us all, let me thank those of you who dug down in your pockets to help make the drive the partial success it was. Here at NATIONAL REVIEW we will just work all the harder now. As Shakespeare put it:

'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it.

WILLIAM A. RUSHER
Publisher

## National Trends

# *World Approval or National Security?*

L. BRENT BOZELL

We will end our "voluntary moratorium" on nuclear tests, the President announced last week in Augusta, and begin a "period of voluntary suspension." It was, as Mr. Hanson Baldwin commented, "a dusty answer" to a policy dilemma that is conspiring to strip the West of the means to defend itself.

Fifteen months ago Dwight Eisenhower took a gamble with the nation's security that most military experts regarded as irresponsible, if not wanton. Test suspension was considered irresponsible, in sober quarters, not only because it would deprive the U.S. of precious opportunities to strengthen its nuclear capacity, but because it committed the nation to a propaganda position that would attach severe, if not prohibitive, penalties to test resumption. Under the pressure, mostly imagined, of "world opinion" the President accepted these real and certain handicaps on a long-shot bet: that the Soviets could be persuaded to accept adequate safeguards for a permanent test ban.

Last week, as the nation's top civilian and military leaders converged on Augusta to decide what to do about the expiring moratorium, it was clear the President had lost his gamble. Indeed, it was as though Providence had benevolently connived at the last minute to impress that fact on the conferees' minds. Early in December, at Geneva, the Soviets definitively rejected the minimum standards for a safe detection and inspection system. The U.S. delegation had presented experimentally-established evidence that an underground nuclear detonation could not be distinguished from an earthquake except through a follow-up inspection at the scene of the disturbance. The Soviets rejected this finding of fact on, as the President himself was to say, "politically-guided" and technically-unsupportable" grounds. Then, just days before the Augusta conference, U.S. scientists announced a discovery that rendered the U.S.-Soviet hassle at Geneva academic. After computing the effects of a 100-kiloton explosion (five times the size of the Hiroshima blast) in a deep underground cavern, participants in a symposium of the American Physical Society at Pasadena gave this verdict: that a "big hole" detonation "would not even be detected and located" by the vast seismometric system proposed at Geneva.

Notwithstanding, the President decided against resuming tests. He believed, it is said, that by asserting that we "consider ourselves free" to test in the future, he established a bargaining point—one that would put "pressure" on the Soviets to come to an agreement. The argument is difficult to follow. In the place of a moratorium with a time limit we have substituted a moratorium *without* a time limit. By the President's reasoning, Khrushchev put additional pressure on the West by withdrawing his ultimatum on Berlin.

### *The President's Dilemma*

In sheer military terms Mr. Eisenhower's decision approached the irrational. Without the slightest chance that his forbearance will result in a safe inspection system, he has chosen to inflict on our military posture the following injuries, each one a potentially mortal wound. 1) The decision courts obsolescence for our current weapons stockpile; 2) it delays, if it does not thwart altogether, our ability



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to develop clean, low-yield weapons for limited war purposes; 3) it precludes the development of an effective anti-missile defense; 4) it prevents the development of new warheads for the Polaris and Minuteman missiles that are needed for successful attacks on enemy missile sites.

It is all very well to talk, as the President did in his Augusta statement, of continuing an "active program of weapons research, development and laboratory-type experimentation." No military man in his right mind, however, would employ an untested weapon, constructed on the basis of mathematical computations, in actual warfare. (And there is more: the U.S. is not fully exploiting the possibilities of even *this* type of weapons development. While doing its best to bring about a test ban, the Administration has refused to enlarge laboratory and computer facilities on the theory that the money for such compensatory measures would be wasted should live tests be resumed!)

But if the President's decision was incompatible with the nation's safety, and therefore, in security terms, inexplicable, it *could* lay a claim to rationality in the propaganda field. The propaganda factor, given America's inordinate sensitivity to "world opinion," established the other horn of the President's dilemma. By not resuming tests, he would further imperil national security. By resuming them, he would run athwart his own Administration's (to say nothing of the Kremlin's) carefully cultivated propaganda line that steps toward disarmament are steps toward Peace. The picture must have shaken the President: Khrushchev softly cooing about army cuts and about his passionate desire to "conclude this very day an agreement on . . . tests"; while Eisenhower is shooting off a hydrogen bomb! The President, in other words, had been worked into the position of striking the first blow against the disarmament shibboleth; not too surprisingly, he recoiled at the prospect.

How did the U.S. get itself into the dilemma? The explanation lies, fundamentally, in the differences between the Communist mentality and ours—and in our failure, but not the Communists', to understand the differences. These differences placed the West at a disadvantage before the first negotiations began, indeed counselled against their beginning; and we are well advised, under pain of the very direst circumstances, to come to grips with them in any future bargaining on nuclear disarmament.

## *Vital Differences*

Western thinking on disarmament —both our leaders' and the public's— has proceeded on the assumption that the problems facing the Soviets and ourselves are, more or less, symmetrical. We have a picture, that is to say, of two nations with roughly equal military power, each harboring roughly equal misgivings about the other's intentions, each trying to find a formula to satisfy roughly similar security requirements. Now the point is not that America is "sincere" in trying to reach an agreement and the Communists are not; but that the problems confronting the two nations are, in several vital respects, distinctly *asymmetrical*. Here are the main disparities:

1. The Soviets are less dependent than we on nuclear prowess. The Communists are psychologically disposed to strike the first strategic blow, and thus will have an immense initial advantage in any all-out nuclear war. This advantage can be offset only by *superior* American weaponry. This means that an effective strategic deterrent, for us, consists not in *parity* in defense and retaliatory weapons— but in *superiority* in both. Moreover, the Communists presently enjoy a marked superiority in the means of waging conventional land warfare. This means that for limited war purposes we are far more dependent on nuclear weapons than the Soviet Union. In sum, we *need* to test more than the Communists do.

2. A "safe" test ban agreement, for the Soviets, does not require detection and inspection safeguards. For us it does. The chief reason for the difference is that we have scruples about cheating on a treaty, and the Communists do not. Another reason is that Soviet security is superior to ours: unlike the U.S., the Kremlin can realistically hope for press leaks and espionage to detect test violations. The result of both factors is that under a test ban—whether formalized by treaty or not—the Communists can hope to satisfy their lesser nuclear requirements while the U.S. is precluded from making any progress at all toward its greater ones.

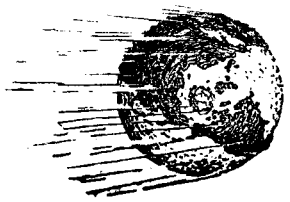
3. Soviet policy is not much affected by "world opinion." Ours is greatly so. Here the disparity is primarily of our own making—but there it is. The result is that the Kremlin can turn negotiations on or off—can decide to test openly or not to—as suits its purpose. In contrast to the Communists' ability to maneuver, U.S. policy is firmly moored to the major premises of its own propaganda. Having encouraged the world to believe, fifteen months ago, that a nuclear test ban was both practical and indispensable for peace, the Administration found it difficult to backtrack later on.

The Soviets have played on these disparities throughout the entire test ban episode. Because of them, it was clear from the beginning that the U.S. would either have to accept a propaganda defeat, or take the first steps toward *unilateral* disarmament. For the moment the U.S. has chosen the second, and, from the Communists' point of view, happier course. And the U.S. will continue on it until Western leaders recognize the disparities and learn, not only to be guided by them, but to discuss them openly. They are not hard points to make— that the U.S., and therefore the whole non-Communist world, has a *peculiar* interest in nuclear proficiency; and, secondly, that the Communists are congenital cheaters. If Western propagandists would say these things repeatedly and plainly, they might find that bogey-man, world opinion, working on their side. And test resumption would be less painful.

Dwight Eisenhower, alas, is not likely to encourage such developments. Our private pipeline to the Augusta conference reveals a man enthralled by his role of "Prince of Peace." The President thoroughly monopolized the conference, neither inviting nor getting the critical facts of nuclear life from his advisers. James J. Wadsworth, head of the U.S. Geneva delegation, alone spoke out— for the proposition that we should sign a treaty immediately and worry later about enforcement. Perhaps Mr. Wadsworth felt on firm ground after hearing his leader pronounce, at the fateful moment, that the struggle for the world will be won by the power that can end poverty in the underdeveloped countries.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



# Moscow's Aims In West Europe

JAMES BURNHAM

Khrushchev's off-again-on-again approach to the problem of Berlin expresses the fact that for Moscow, Berlin is more an instrument than a goal. True enough, the Russians would like to plug the Berlin leak by removing the Western presence which keeps it open. But that is not too important one way or the other. Primarily, Berlin has value as a handy lever by which to exert a multiplied pressure on the West.

To see what Moscow is currently trying to accomplish in western Europe, let us review the stages of her European policy since 1944.

At the end of the war, with the German armies crumbling, the Russians' plain and simple idea was to push on west, by the direct means of the Red Army, as far as they could go. This meant, in practice, as far as the Western armies, under Roosevelt's and Churchill's ultimate command, were willing to permit them to go. This phase brought Muscovite domination to all East Europe, the eastern part of Germany, the Danube Valley, the Albanian bridgehead on the coast of the Mediterranean, and the Petsamo outlet to the Atlantic.

On this North-South line the direct westward thrust was contained. There the Russians dug in, and have held except for a front-straightening withdrawal from Austria and a mixup in Yugoslavia.

## *By Other Means*

For a few years after the war, Moscow believed that she might gain control of the entire European continent through the local Communist parties. In most nations these seemed on the verge of taking over governmental power by a combination of subversive, parliamentary and united front methods. This hope proved illusory. After 1947 the relative power of the local parties leveled off, then turned downward at an increasing rate.

Moscow still thought that the local parties retained enough strength to sabotage West European recovery while the aggressive thrust of the Revolution focused on Asia, the Middle East and Africa. Europe would thus be reduced indirectly, by being economically undermined and geographically outflanked. But the first part of this expectation was also disappointed. West Europe not merely lifted its economy far above prewar levels, but initiated a continental Common Market that could develop into a third major power center capable of transforming the world equilibrium.

We are accustomed to think in terms of "the Soviet threat to Europe," the "185 Red Army divisions vs. NATO's handful," etc. Looked at from Moscow there is also—though it is still only potential—the European threat to Russia and to the historical ascendency of the World Revolution. This threat is composed of: a) nuclear IRBM bases now being added to the system of strategic air bases; b) a dynamically expanding European economy; c) a rearming West Germany, with nuclear arms, and a French nuclear capability; d) an embryonic United Europe, with West Germany, counter to all prior history, an integral part of the nucleus.

## *The Threat of Europe*

The first element of the threat (the system of European strategic bases) is in a sense temporary and secondary. As ICBM's become operational, it won't matter much to Russia's security whether or not there are strategic bases located in Europe, though she gains an interim advantage by keeping them to a minimum.

The last three, longer-term elements of the threat are all aspects of the single major factor: the growing economic, political—and inevitably, military—power of an increasingly integrated West Europe.

In Moscow's judgment, Germany is the most powerful nation of Europe. Isolated and truncated, Germany—and therefore Europe—can be held in check. The recreation of European power depends on a firm alliance between Germany and her former enemies of the West—as matters are developing in practice, above all on a firm Franco-German alliance.

From the analysis there follow the first-string targets of Moscow's European policy: a sustained political warfare campaign to rouse the latent anti-German feelings in West Europe; a specific drive to split Germany and France.

Both of these related operations are being actively pursued. The revival of anti-Germanism is conspicuous in England, where it fits in with traditional English opposition to a strong Europe. It is revealed by a spurt in the production and popularity of nominally anti-Nazi but actually anti-German plays and movies, the renewed interest in anti-Nazi retribution, the revived denunciation of the Krupps and German cartels, etc.

Khrushchev has begun a really major drive for a Franco-Russian deal—a deal which would necessarily tend to isolate Germany and break up the Common Market. Already he has reversed the Soviet position on de Gaulle. Already he has offered conditional support to de Gaulle's Algerian policy—for France, the decisive question. The French Communists, on Kremlin orders, have dropped their anti-Gaullism. Radio Moscow crowded with anti-German denunciation, no longer attacks even the scheduled French nuclear test. This spring brings the exchange of visits between Khrushchev and de Gaulle.

It would be foolish to suppose that Moscow's French gambit has no chance of success. There is a long tradition, in which Napoleon's invasion is only a detour, of Franco-Russian friendship. De Gaulle himself went to Moscow at the end of the war to sign friendship, but the precedent that Moscow has most clearly in mind is the 1935 Stalin-Laval Pact. This was the axis of the entire Popular Front strategy by which Russia sought to counterbalance a militarily expanding Germany.

Doubtless, also, Moscow has not forgotten that the final outcome of the Popular Front was the pact with Germany. Both the beginning and the end of the precedent admit, conceivably, of historical repetition.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *The Liberals Convert a Cardinal*

**They are hard at work trying to take over a great 19th century mind which they do not own—and as a result, Newman comes out distorted, unrecognizable, Liberal**

GARRY WILLS

John Henry Newman, alive, was not a man to tangle with. His mind cut through the haze of English thought and Liberal confusion. In controversy with Peel, Gladstone and Kingsley, he gave an impression of immeasurable *stature*—a mental giant forced into unequal battle by a series of arrogant pygmies.

Newman, dead, has been fair game for every kind of misinterpretation. But his incisive, wide-ranging mind, and his deep love for tradition have, until recently, protected him from Liberalism's kiss of death. His great works on education, civilization, and tradition have been a storehouse of conservative wisdom, making him one of the few men who cannot be avoided by those who attack the culture of the West. Such books as *The Idea of a University* have been a rock against which the Liberal spirit has run again and again, to its continuing frustration. Since attack has been hopeless against this great conservative in an increasingly Liberal era, the Liberals were bound to resort to sabotage. The mining operations have begun, and it is time to cry alarm down the conservative ranks.

Though some have tried to make Newman's theology—at times even his educational theory—vaguely "Liberal," no one has heretofore had the paradoxical audacity to doubt his deep political conservatism. But the voracious possessiveness of Liberalism cannot be underestimated; a melancholy observation confirmed by Terence Kenny's *Political Thought of John Henry Newman* (Longmans Green, $5.00). The rulers of the Establishment are convinced that they must "own" all the opposition they cannot destroy. Not only must students be Liberal if they would be counted, by our pundits, intellectual; the very texts and monuments of the past must "read Liberal" or become illegible, and all heroes suffer a posthumous conversion to the orthodoxy of our day.

Kenny's book is a classic instance of this invention of spurious archetypes and traditions. We have seen the manufacture of great Liberal thinkers out of the past, resembling the Soviet rewriting of scientific history. Proudly the Liberal looks at his manufactured heaven of Liberal saints, then turns and asserts that conservatives are anti-intellectual and have not got a philosophical penny to their name. Halos are turned out like hubcaps, and stuck on every head that raises itself above the general level of history. One would think the absurdity of this process must impress even the solemn "historians" of the Left, and make them at least blush when applying it to Cardinal Newman. But Kenny, sincere student of our infallible scriptures, knows that Newman's prophetic soul must have had premonitions, before the occurrence, of our great day coming; his apparently perverse reluctance to the Liberalism of his day must therefore be explicable, or—always the temptation of exegetes with infallible mentors—must be explained away.

## *The Anatomy of Distortion*

This book uses several means of rehabilitating Newman's "outmoded" political system. The first is surgical fracture: the bones of his thought are taken apart and rearranged. Instead of tracing Newman's argument in particular occasions, Kenny sets up a series of headings and assembles quotation and commentary under them. The quotations are adduced, indifferently, from all periods of Newman's life, and without proper attention to context. This ordering gives its own significance to everything included in it. There are major divisions in this plan—such as "Democracy"—which Newman rarely considered, or discussed only obliquely. To take his remarks out of their subsidiary place and make them part of an ordered manifesto is to abandon all hope of faithful interpretation. Careful selection of quotations is a handmaid of this systematic distortion of context and significance.

Yet even this is not enough for Mr. Kenny. He achieves some heroic misreadings, wrenching things his own way with a single-mindedness that commands nothing short of awe. For instance, he attributes to Newman the statist's concept that the individual conscience must yield to a higher law of society when the State is born, because—as he tells us, speaking for his fellows in the Establishment—"law gives a more certain and universal rule than a particular conscience." The evidence for this astounding claim is from the *Historical Sketches*, from the sketch devoted to Athens. There, Newman mentions several substitutes for conscience, each of them suggested by man's *depravity*. The Athenian substitute for God's law, as he puts it, was art; though a more common substitute is government. Kenny quotes a single sentence, out of context, to *enforce* the idolatry of the state which Newman is attacking!

Another means used for rescuing the poor Cardinal is that of reverse endorsement, by which I mean the argument from ancient authority used backwards, so that *modern* expressions of opinion give a mystical sanction to any doctrine. Kenny justifies Newman by finding things, hidden somewhere away in his writings, which even a modern Liberal might say. We are repeatedly told that "*Even today*, in the middle of the twentieth century, it cannot be said that so firm a grasp . . . is everywhere and always displayed." The implication: we are usually wiser than



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newman, but not everywhere and always. This kind of reverse endorsement, says Kenny,

> seems to bring Newman very suddenly out of the dead theological atmosphere of early Victorian Oxford into the arena of modern politics, away from remote arguments about the doctrines of the primitive Church, on to the argument about whether Marx's celebrated theory of increasing misery can now be treated as a myth.

Of course, nothing would have pleased Newman more than to be taken away from the remote world of the Christian fathers and the great ages of theology, so that he might move onward and upward into debates with Marx (what could be more worthwhile?), dealing no longer with "primitive" but with "celebrated" theories; with Communism instead of Christianity. Mr. Kenny's rhetorical reflexes—trained to that automatic response which substitutes, at present, for education — predictably link the words together, and close the question as an electric circuit is closed: dead, theological, Victorian, remote, doctrines, primitive, Church. No wonder Newman comes out of this mechanical process as he does!—distorted, unrecognizable, Liberal.

Kenny's real (though probably inadvertent) deviousness can be seen in his inability—or unwillingness—to define conservatism, the title Newman always gave his own political creed. Instead of investigating what Newman meant by this term, and using his definition as the criterion, Mr. Kenny hovers and hesitates every time he uses the word. He cannot avoid calling Newman a conservative (without challenging Newman's self-designation); but he feels that a subordinate clause is always necessary to show that (though conservative) he was not 1) selfish, 2) opposed to any and all change, 3) anti-intellectual, or 4) generally villainous—not really, in a word, conservative. The author cannot defend his qualifying of "conservative" as most Liberals would, by saying openly that the term *does* mean scoundrel—because that would destroy the entire thesis of his book: after all, if Newman has a tenable position and chooses to call it conservative, then there must be a meaning for this term which is tenable even in Mr. Kenny's broad mind. But the author will not define or accept any such tenable conservatism; he keeps implying that Newman is acceptable because he was, in all that is most important, really Liberal. The only evidence brought forward, in this ideological dance, is the fact that Newman happened to write a book with the title *The Development of Christian Doctrine.* Theological Liberals tried to wrest some "evolutionary" modernism from this book, and failed spectacularly; but Kenny is willing to attempt the same dreary misreading in a political context.

## *Conservatism as Growth*

Here we reach the real point of difference between Newman and such modern commentators as Terence Kenny. Nothing was more conservative in Newman than his idea of development. He realized that it is precisely doctrine that develops; for doctrine is stable enough to benefit by the worthwhile discoveries of the ages. Doctrine can use whatever good things man comes to command in the successions of history—because it has in itself norms for judging such inventions. It can assert the acquired force of the past in accepting or rejecting recent things. It has life because it draws on a complexus of thoughts, experiences, stresses, institutions, habits, and inner tensions. This concept of doctrine, and of its integral development, cannot be understood except by *contrast* with Newman's definition of Liberalism: he called it the "anti-dogmatic principle," *i.e.*, the barren, undefined, undeveloping principle of revolt from stable thought. By comparison with doctrine in the rich sense, Liberalism's doctrinaire novelties, which spring up and wither daily, are not balanced by complexities; they are not connected with the entirety of man's nature and situation, not checked by the restraints of multiple reality. Liberalism has no internal norms; and because it has no past, it has no future.

From a consideration of Newman's arguments on the development of doctrine, we can uncover the error in the two Liberal assumptions on which Kenny founds his book: 1) *conservatism is merely negative, and opposed to change as change.* The conservative antagonism toward change derives from the presumption that 2) *the status quo is incapable of improvement.* Newman's principal political thesis, in the *Essay on Development,* is that conservatism, so far from being merely static, is precisely the principle of growth. "Creative and conservative" is a natural juxtaposition in his writings.

A little reflection shows why this must be true: living things protect their integrity, but they do this by nourishing themselves and renewing themselves. They must feed on reality, but by adapting it to the totality and balance of their own life. Rapid change comes into the delicate arrangement of such order like a sword into living tissue; but unless *something* enters and alters the living thing, it starves. Conservatism is not static; it is the only thing which can preserve itself in what Newman called "this ever-dying, ever nascent world, in which to be stationary is to lose ground, and to repose is to fail."

Now set aside, for the moment, the distortions of Newman's modern commentator, and look at the Cardinal's own political philosophy, frequently expressed, and set forth in admirable summary as a series of letters to the British public (given the title *Who's To Blame?*). Here is a conservative credo of great depth, worth defending; here is refutation of Kenny as well as of Kingsley—and of all the Kennys of our day.

## *The Garb of Reform*

Newman was afraid of rapid change because he was afraid of man, of fallen man, heir to original sin. This makes him distrust the institutions and orders of the past as well as the novelties and inanities of reformers. The fallen state of humanity can be seen as clearly in Tories as in Whigs, in Catholics as in "protesting" believers, in conservatives as in rebelling politicians. But a conservative program provides an internal check and discipline to these omnipresent forces of disruption; it implies a realistic knowledge of man's fallen state, knowledge lacking in the optimist's scheme of reform, or the utopian statism of the Liberal.

Because of man's flawed restlessness, (Newman continues the argument), he tries to cast off all ancient restrictions. The love of novelty as



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such is a mark of the quest which sin originated in the regime of Eden. This fevered restlessness covers itself in a garb of reform (we will always be like gods), and advances the absurd pretensions that sweeping changes—the eternal apple, always new—will remedy all wrongs. But every such change made for its own sake only increases this appetite in man; and change follows change into the abyss of chaos.

Newman realized, as does every sane man, that the evils in the status quo should, if possible, be eliminated.

*John Henry Newman*

But the change must be a considered one, since novelty has such an insidious attraction. The change must be partial, since the total balance of life cannot be restored by a five-year plan, nor by the efforts even of five generations. The change must be opportune, dependent on the real forces in society, since a doctrinaire plan foisted on a people is artificial, a dissolving rather than a creative force:

> A system must be looked at as a whole; and may as little admit of mending or altering as an individual. We cannot change one joint of our body for a better; nor can we with impunity open one vein.

To achieve stability, the State must summon forth what Newman called a "real assent" from the governed, one which involves their entire, natural, and almost unconscious commitment. The Liberal works on the belief that central fiat can magically waft away disadvantage, discrimination, disease; but such doctrinaire schemes and novelties attract only "notional assent," and are the surface phenomena of history. The whole force of Newman's realistic epistemology can be felt in the following passage:

> As individuals have characters of their own, so have races. . . . Moreover, growing out of these varieties or idiosyncracies, and corresponding to them, will be found in these several races, and proper to each, a certain assemblage of beliefs, convictions, rules, usages, traditions, proverbs, and principles . . . tending to some definite form of government. . . . It is something more than law; it is the embodiment of special ideas, ideas perhaps which have been held by a race for ages, which are of immemorial usage, which have fixed themselves in its innermost heart, which are in its eyes sacred. . . . They are the creative and conservative influences of Society; they erect nations into States, and invest States with Constitutions.

If officials of government ignore these more abiding facts and conservative influences (says Newman), if they attempt reform by fiat—a folly launched most recently upon the South, by the Supreme Court—then these officials will come to know:

> the inexpediency of suffering the tradition of Law to flow separate from that of popular feeling, whereas there ought to be a continual influx of the national mind into the judicial conscience; and, unless there was this careful adjustment between law and politics, the standards of right and wrong set up at Westminster [read: Washington], would diverge from those received by the community at large, and the Nation might some day find itself condemned and baffled by its own supreme oracle. . . . For satisfaction, peace, liberty, conservative interests, were the supreme end of the law, not mere raw justice as such . . . that must be pronounced no State, but a mere fortuitous collection of individuals, which has no unity stronger than despotism, or deeper than law.

Conservatism is not a mere instinct, therefore; something possessive and static, which a commentator must apologize for in Newman. It is an apologia in Newman's special sense: an account of man, on which realistic knowledge and action may be based. It is the guardian of culture and civilization.

Civilization is an intricate and fragile thing. It opposes the disruptive forces that rage in fallen man. It cannot be static, because its foe is not. As Chesterton wrote, the only way to "conserve" a white fence is to keep painting it. One can paint better by using and observing and perfecting the ancient pigments; this is conservatism. One can let the fence blacken, or dynamite it in a fit of anger at the job of continually repainting, or forget why it was put up in the first place and find all the grass eaten away; this is rebellion. It is a revulsion and a sickness which attacks all civilized men. Some withstand it, some surrender to it, some make a fetish of it. They wear the pale green of their sickness like the green carnations of the aesthete, and think they are solving the problems of the status quo just by attacking it.

## *Liberalism vs. Christianity*

Mr. Kenny cannot—in point of fact—find a single crevice in Newman's conservatism; for Newman is not Liberal in theology and Tory in politics. Nor can Liberals persuade us that he spoke with knowledge in the one field and without it in the other. The same principles explain his theological and political positions. He opposed "the anti-dogmatic principle" in religion—because only dogma can develop. He opposed the Liberal plans for society—because only a rooted society can endure long enough to improve itself.

The continuity of Newman's thought in these two areas—politics and religion—indicate that his writing is important today *for the connection it establishes between Christianity and conservatism.* Both are founded on a realistic philosophy of man—as an intellectual, but no longer an integral, creature. The fall of man, the metaphysical (not merely accidental) challenge of evil, the trial-character of earthly life—all these make a naive Liberalism unthinkable. The Liberal proclaims that evil and error must be abolished ("integration, world government, the abolition of war and its instruments, *must* come about eventually, so why not accelerate the process?"). The Christian, on the other hand, knows that evil and error should be opposed to the limit of one's resources; but he also realizes that evil will endure till the stars cease to burn. The Liberal seeks salvation in this world, and makes of social order his *summum bonum.* The Christian has a higher ideal of salvation; and suffering is an inevitable—often an enviable—instrument of this Salvation.

This explains that lapse which



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kenny and others deplore above all things else in Newman's work: "the lack of social conscience." The last chapter of Kenny's book investigates this charge, admits some of its particulars with the greatest agony, apologizes for the Cardinal with the greatest obsequiousness, then adduces a few spare quotations that are meant to give the impression that Newman praised some governmental "benevolences." These incidental references cannot, however, erase Newman's sharp criticism of welfarism; and Kenny knows it. Yet he will not accept Newman's arguments against the salvationist statism of modern governments. No one was more acutely aware of human suffering, nor had greater compassion for it, than Newman. But he rated it too highly to think it could be dispelled by doles and injections. Man is tragic, not merely maladjusted; his anguish must be met by charity and religion, not obviated by programs.

The univocal ethics of today calls such arguments hypocritical, an excuse for complacence and selfishness. Justice means social justice only, not justification. This simplistic view of ethics is certainly widespread, and it is not surprising that Kenny should be aware of objections based on it. But how can a man who professes himself a student of Newman admit these charges, when the cogent arguments of his author lie before him? Kenny is afraid that Newman was "blind" to the fact of suffering, simply because he saw more than one meaning in the multivalent profundities of the term *Justice*.

### *Liberals Cannot Own Him*

It is as well that Kenny came forward with his book. He reminds us, by his painful misreadings, that there is a great mind which the Liberals do *not* own, for all their efforts; and a conservative body of writings which they cannot, finally, destroy or distort. Newman stated, with stunning clarity, the very truths which most need reiteration in our time. He described the most important facts about human society, its nature and limits. He knew that society is a real occurrence in the temporal order (not an abstraction of the planners nor a field for innovators); he saw society as shaped by its history, limited by man's explosive and sinful nature, upheld by the victories against barbarism which made possible a certain type of education, of law, of virtue. These achievements were not inevitable, nor won overnight. A new constitution or new education can no more be adopted on the morrow than a new face can be grown by the intellect deliberately fermenting outwards. The structure of society cannot be idly tinkered with—as Newman put it—any more than our body's bone structure or nervous system can; civilization is at least as frail and caducible as man's house of clay.

# *This Happy Breed*

COLM BROGAN

Britain has now discovered a new and alarming Problem of Youth. The Teddy Boys with their bicycle chains and flick knives are now an accepted or at least a recognized social group. By all progressive standards it is quite wrong to describe the violent Teddy Boys as young thugs. They are frustrated and/or maladjusted. They come from homes where the parents do not get on together or else get on too well. They are the victims of corrupting mass media and an unsatisfactory educational system. They are everything —except to blame.

And the new Problem of Youth is not so easily explained away. They also do nothing good. They do nothing at all. The great and disturbing discovery was first made in the new town of Stevenage. The Gubelkian Foundation sponsored an inquiry into how the young people of Stevenage used their leisure time, of which they have plenty. The findings were quite a shock. It appeared that a high proportion of the youth of Stevenage stood about, leaning against walls, waiting for somebody to tell them what to do. They were as voluble as they were vacant. There was nothing to do in Stevenage, they declared, with a strong sense of grievance. Where were the espresso bars without which youth must fade away into frustrated lethargy? Where were the dance halls, the juke boxes, the clubs where youth could disport itself, footloose and fancy-free?

The elders and fathers of Stevenage were worried and abashed. After all, the New Towns are the pride of the British planner's heart. They were designed as the radical answer to what is contemptuously known as "suburban sprawl." They were meant to be authentic and whole communities. The people who lived in the New Town would work in the Town. They would find their entertainment there and scope for all their spare-time activities. There would be everything that the heart of modern man could desire, including immediate access to unspoiled countryside.

### *The Reality*

That was the vision. Then came the revelation of reality, the revelation of youths glumly nursing a Coca-Cola or leaning open-mouthed against a wall, a cigarette dangling from a loose lower lip, with not an idea in their heads and apparently not an ounce of energy or initiative in their bodies. A flock of reporters descended like benevolent vultures on the stricken scene, only to find that the complaints of New Town youth were, to put it mildly, somewhat exaggerated. There were four espresso bars in Stevenage, two cinemas, innumerable dances and something like forty clubs catering to the whole conceivable range of youthful activity.

A large number of young people made full use of the clubs, but the youths who were the anxious care of the Gubelkian experts made no use of them at all. Some clubs and even some dances were "out" because they were connected, however remotely, with a church. Certain clubs were untouchable because their meetings were held in school premises. The youths who had had a minimum of ten years of enlightened education would no more think of entering a school building than a discharged convict would think of dropping in for a social call at Dartmoor. Some reporters edged delicately round the conclusion that the section of youth



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

under investigation was quite simply no good. Empty-headed, vapid, spineless and sulky, this was the *lumpen* proletariat with money to burn. Hand-fed from infancy, these youths expected still to be hand-fed at a time when they had more money to throw away than any other section in the community. If they could summon the energy to blow their own noses they felt that they had made their contribution to the full and bustling life of the New Town.

It goes without saying that the eager-beavers hotly reject this chilly verdict. They insist that these overpaid and underprivileged loafers urgently need first-class youth leaders (paid, of course) and an appeal has been launched for one hundred thousand pounds to provide them. But it has been made absolutely clear that the youth leaders must on no account attempt to lead. It is accepted that the unfortunates will react with stony and justified hostility to any attempts to improve them or bring any brisk quality into the long yawn they call existence. They must not be urged to develop any interests or, indeed, to exert themselves in any way. A dedicated foreign woman art teacher in London found that her customers in a Youth Club refused to put pencil to paper except to make obscene drawings. She let them make obscene drawings. This is called leadership.

Not to be outdone by Stevenage, Harlow New Town has thought up a bright idea of its own. This is something to be called a Spending Arcade. Knowing that the Youths who are the Problem spend their ample cash on pop records, tape recorders, fancy suits and imbecile comics, the authorities are considering building an arcade of shops selling all the things dear to youth in the same place and thus saving youth the effort of doing more than walking from one shop doorway to another.

## *Speed Kings*

It must be said that the youths who hardly have the energy to breathe come very much to life when they get astride a motor cycle. With a girl passenger on the pillion they hare along at the maximum speed with the maximum of noise. (Some of them are now adopting anti-silencers to increase the noise.) There is a stretch of road in Kent along which six motorcyclists were killed in twelve days, but the deaths made no difference to the criminal pursuit of speed. Black-jacketed louts swagger into coffee-bars boasting that they have "done a ton" on a dark night. To "do a ton" means to go at one hundred miles an hour, which seems to be the equivalent of scoring a century in county cricket. "A ton-eight" is something to be truly proud of and to inspire dreams of doing a ton-ten. It should be noted that a large number of these speed kings carry an L plate; they have not yet passed their driving tests.

The girl passengers are maenads, urging their drivers on to ever more suicidal efforts. One girl said she had been "off" four times, (*i.e.*, thrown off the pillion); but she still went out four or five times a week. Her boy friend had been killed four months before. "It worried me," she said, "for a time." Another girl, Ivy, who was the envy of all because she had done a ton-ten, said "I don't care if I die tomorrow."

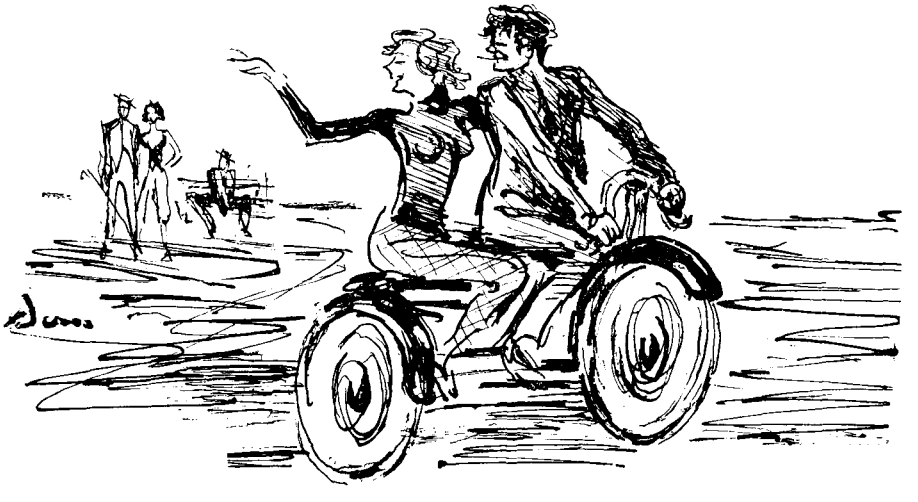
Just underneath the surface of lethargy and boredom there lies hysteria, and sexual hysteria at that. It cannot even be said that these youths are working off their natural surplus energy, for the bike provides the energy. One indignant New Towner complained that he had to go on his motor bike fifty miles to London to get a decent cup of coffee. It is permissible to suspect that if he had to walk for the coffee of his fastidious choice his maximum distance would be a quarter of a mile.

## *Products of the Welfare State*

These are the people for whom Stevenage is trying to raise one hundred thousand pounds. Why? They may be lacking in brains and in character, but they are certainly not lacking in money. If there is any single moronic recreation that would rouse their languid interest they are certainly able to pay for it themselves. But they have never been asked to pay for anything except philistine luxuries. In the whole of their ten hateful years at school they were never asked to pay even for a pencil. (Higher up on the intellectual scale, university students flatly refuse to buy books, even though a sum for book buying is included in their state or local authority grant. They have carried over from their schooldays the belief that everything faintly educational must be free, as of natural right, just as the air we breathe is free.)

It goes without saying that this dismal picture does not cover the whole of the canvas of British youth. Even in Stevenage there are plenty of young boys and girls who make full use of the lavish playing fields provided and accept some instruction in the evenings to fit themselves for the increasingly technological future. They will have to carry the sulky and neurotic layabouts all their working lives. But the layabouts are not few. Everything has been handed to them on a plate, and they have pushed the plate away like petulant children. This is what the Welfare State produces from its own inner logic.

*"Regardez, après tout, c'est une pauvre terre."*





LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

## *"Open Society" or Tyranny: False Dilemma*

One of the most effective weapons of Liberal thought is the use of false antithesis: if you are opposed to socialized medicine, you don't care if the streets are full of wretches wracked with lung cancer dying in the gutter; if you cast a critical eye on the social security system, you want millions of indigent aged to spend their declining years on a diet of bread and water in bleak and cheerless garrets; if you do not bleed with the social worker's heart of an Eleanor Roosevelt, you have no heart at all.

These antitheses are not only vicious in intent, but false in fact. They are vicious because they are directed to enlisting the store of human benevolence and pity in the service of the pitiless purposes of the social engineers. They are false because—difficult though the human condition is—we are not faced with the harsh choice of accepting the arid antiseptic world of the Liberal ideologues or else condemning mankind to misery.

The immense potentialities for the creation of wealth inherent in a free economy operating in a free society, associated with the ancient and sacred virtues of family loyalty and personal charity, would destroy the false dilemma imposed in these antitheses. It is the Liberal ideology itself that is responsible both for the shackling of the productive powers of a free economy and for the corrosion of the virtues without which the life of men in society becomes intrinsically horrible, however excellent the political and economic institutions are.

### *Destruction of Balance*

The problems posed by the Liberals are in the main of their own creation. They are not natural to the human state; still less are they derived from the central tradition of Western Civilization. It is the distinguishing sign of Liberal thought to split asunder the unity in tension by which the West has been able to preserve the freedom of the person and the authority of truth and good, liberty in society and order in society, the searching spirit and the discipline of tradition.

At the very foundations of our political theory and practice, the disintegrating weapon of Liberalism against the balance of freedom and order the West has achieved has been the concept of the "open society." That concept I cannot define better than was done by Brent Bozell in a recent column in *National Review Bulletin* (December 12, 1959), when he described the "open society" as a society whose "supreme law . . . is that *all* questions are open questions—open to constant re-examination and re-evaluation, according to the empirical data on hand at any given moment. In such a society, there is no place for immutable principles and made up minds."

*All* questions must be open questions or all questions will be closed questions—the open society or tyranny: this is the antithesis which is insistently drummed into our consciousness at every level of Liberal indoctrination. In the day-to-day teaching of the public schools, in the accepted modes of thought of the colleges, in the rarefied atmosphere of the academic journals as in the substantive content of all the avenues of communication—lowbrow, middlebrow and highbrow—the challenge is posed in strictly exclusive terms. Any hint of adherence to absolute truth at any level—it is argued or insinuated or propounded as self-evident—leads inexorably to a closed and absolute tyranny.

### *The Way of the West*

But the antithesis is false. We are not faced with the alternative, on the one hand, of a society without values, without standards of truth and beauty and good, of a philosophy without an end or ultimate purpose, of an ethos at the mercy of prevailing majority opinion; and, on the other hand, of a society under iron control from top to bottom by tyrants armored with absolute authority, a Byzantine philosophy deprived of freedom to explore and think, an ethos bound in multitudinous regulations.

The history of the West has been the history of a third way, a way that has held in shimmering balance the authority of truth and the freedom of men. And it has done that, sometimes less perfectly, sometimes more perfectly, by recognizing a hierarchy of truths in the intellectual and spiritual realm and a division of function among the institutions of men. It has distinguished—in turmoil and strife, it is true, but in the end it has always distinguished—between the fundamental truths which constitute the structure of man's being as a creature with a supernatural destiny living in the natural world, and those questions where truth is uncertain, where men who agree upon essential truths may differ with good will.

Furthermore, the West has always recognized, until the era of Marxism and Liberalism, that the ultimate guardians of its essential truths were not those who constitute the state, with their power to enforce and their susceptibility to the corruptions of power, but the learned, the priestly, the prophetic, skilled in the tradition and devoted not to power but to truth.

### *Neither "Open" Nor "Closed"*

In societies of the West as far apart as that of the Middle Ages (with its multitudinous centers of political power naturally grown from the soil of the decay of the Roman Empire, but united upon fundamental truths) and that shaped by the Founding Fathers of the United States (with its conscious separation of political power, but still united upon less precise but as firmly held general truths), the balance, the tension has been proclaimed.

That balanced society is our heritage. It is the answer to the false antithesis pressed upon us by Liberalism. It is a society neither "open" nor "closed," a society open to truth and freedom, closed to positivist nihilism and statist tyranny. This is the concept that must be flung in the teeth of the Liberal who poses the false dilemma of "open society or tyranny."



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# *Letter from London*

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

## *The Flight from Pity*

I have read many attempts by those who were born in the last century to compare modern England with Edwardian England, but one significant change appears to have escaped the attention of septuagenarian commentators: the coincidence between the flight from pity and the rapid growth of humanitarian sentiment. There was never a time when more people expressed sympathy with the underprivileged, and when fewer people were prepared to inconvenience themselves seriously to prevent the world from forgetting the victims of tyranny. It would be easy to cite the names of those professional humanitarians in the Labor Party who are always ready to exploit against a Conservative Government any alleged ill-treatment of terrorists charged with assassinating British administrators, police, soldiers or settlers—the same Laborites consistently reticent about the victims of Russian colonialism. It is to the credit of those members of the Labor Party who entertained Mr. Khrushchev during his recent visit to this country that they aroused his ire by questioning him on the murder of the Hungarian Nagy and the fate of Socialists imprisoned in the satellites. This protest, however, would have been even more impressive had it been made on behalf of *all* victims of Communist oppression and not only on behalf of Socialists. Such selective indignation, only provoked when those of one's own religion, race, class or political party suffer persecution, is far more common today than in my youth.

In the nineteenth century it was easy for those who championed the cause of rebellions against Czar, Kaiser or Sultan to believe that they were inspired by a generous hatred of oppression as such. Since the achievement of absolute power by the Bolsheviks, however, we have an all too simple criterion for distinguishing between those who hate all tyrannies and those who are only moved to indignation by right-wing tyrannies. Samuel Johnson remarked that it was a waste of time to discuss points of precedence between a louse and a flea; it is equally futile to discuss whether Stalin or Hitler could claim precedence in cruelty.

I have before me as I write a pamphlet, "Papers from the Lamb," by a group of Christian Socialists, so called because this particular group used to meet in an upper room of a pub in Bloomsbury called "The Lamb." I was somewhat surprised to find among the signatories to this manifesto the name of Mr. Tom Driberg, perhaps because I was more familiar with his socialism than with his Christian activities. Mr. Driberg is in good company, for among the signatories of the Lamb pamphlet are Mervyn Stockwood, Bishop of Southwark (an old friend of mine), Canon John Collins, the well-known Methodist, the Rev. Donald Soper and Mr. Kenneth Ingram.

The actual author of the manifesto, whoever he may be, is a very clever man. He admits what even the silliest of his intended dupes must know, that the Soviet Union has been guilty of cruelty, but by implication suggests that these cruelties have been grossly exaggerated (The Soviet Union "has sometimes behaved as ruthlessly and unscrupulously as any capitalist government"). I wonder whether the Bishop of Southwark has ever read *The Dark Side of the Moon* to which Mr. T. S. Eliot wrote an introduction. The book describes the obscene horrors of the trainloads which carried innocent Polish citizens to Siberia, cattle trucks with one hole in the middle of the floor for excrements, cattle trucks in which children were born and in which many adults died of thirst and exhaustion. Mr. Driberg might perhaps reply that these horrors are no worse than the lack of charity of Notting Hill landladies who discriminate against lodgers on the ground of color, a subject on which Mr. Driberg, writing as a Christian, has been very eloquent in the columns of *The Tablet*. *The Tablet*, incidentally, has recently published the shocking facts about the imprisonment of Catholic bishops and priests in Czechoslovakia, and it would be reassuring to feel that Mr. Driberg was as distressed by this discrimination against people because of their religious or political views as he is against landladies who discriminate against lodgers on the ground of race. But perhaps he would reply in a manner similar to this manifesto's condoning of Cardinal Mindszenty's persecution:

"We note the sharp contrast between the constructive and pacific attitude of Cardinal Wyszynski of Poland and that of Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary. Had the Church in Hungary been less closely linked in the past with reactionary feudal forces, the Hungarian crisis might have taken a less tragic course. To say this, however, is not to condone the Soviet authorities and the present regime." Very clever, for the intended dupe will not easily realize that the contrast in the treatment of the two Cardinals is only due to the fact that Poland's revolt against the Soviets was partially successful.

The Bishop of Southwark's political views differ as sharply from those of the Prime Minister as the Cardinal's from the Communist government of his unhappy country, but Dr. Mervyn Stockwood was offered a Bishopric by his political opponents and the Cardinal a prison cell. I commend this contrast to those who have signed a manifesto equating the ruthlessness of Communist and capitalistic governments.

Here are some further extracts.

"It is customary nowadays to speak of Soviet 'Imperialism' in relation to the 'satellite' states of Eastern Europe. We doubt whether the poorest peasant in, say, Bulgaria, is so destitute as are millions of colonial subjects of the British Crown." A falsehood can be stated in a line but only refuted in an article. Let me therefore confine myself to one comment. The British Government is increasing the tempo of transforming "colonial subjects" into the subjects of independent states. What hope has the Bulgarian peasant within the foreseeable future of living once again in an independent country?



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# THE IVORY TOWER

WM. F. BUCKLEY, JR.

## *Harvard Says It Loud and Clear*

Ever since venturing into the subject when I wrote about Yale, I have maintained that the ideological impact of a college education is best understood by a close study of student experience, conducted, preferably, by students themselves, or by those intimately associated with them. Granted my thesis was self-serving when I first put it forward, for I was resisting a splashy (front page *New York Times*) counteroffensive by the officials of Yale University intended to discredit the principal contentions of *God and Man at Yale*. Yale's answer to a simple book stating the obvious was to summon together a resplendent committee of sages including, if I remember right, the then Secretary of State, the leader of the Republican Party in the Senate, and a former president of the Union Theological Seminary, who were handed the assignment of unsaying my book. The fact that most of the gentlemen in question, who were to become Authorities on undergraduate academic experience, could probably not have made their way from Timothy Dwight College to Linsly-Chittenden Hall without asking directions, made no difference at all: as an exercise in self-exculpation, the operation worked. Yale was pronounced virtuous.

### *Academic Weather Signal*

Harvard every now and then has a way of reminding us all of its seniority. I have in mind a recent exhibition of Jovian imperturbability. Harvard would never have denied the truth of what a recent graduate had related about the tendencies of Harvard education, if it were true. Harvard is too self-confident to care that much about the opinion of others. I suggest that is why the September 25, 1959, issue of the Harvard *Crimson* has failed, so far as I know, to attract any attention at all in Harvard alumni circles, and not a single disavowal by the Harvard Administration. But it contains information of value to anyone who is interested in keeping an eye on meteorological movements in the cradle of American academic weather.

The issue of the *Crimson* discusses at considerable length a highly detailed random-sample poll of the religious and political attitudes of Harvard students. The project was sponsored by the editors of the *Crimson*, and conducted under the professional guidance of sociologist David Riesman. The results are discussed in several articles on religion and one on the political attitudes of Harvard undergraduates. I touch on the latter here, and will write about the former in a later column.

*Crimson* editor Craig K. Comstock, obviously a bright and talented student, headlines his summation: " 'Moderate Liberals' Predominate Politically: Lectures, Course Reading Influence Shift to Left." Most Harvard professors like to think of themselves as moderate liberals, Comstock writes, but in fact many of them are, some even concededly, "Respectable Radicals." A "surprisingly large number" of students "accept the political proposals that the Respectable Radicals put forward. While the group retains its popular identity as 'liberals,' its program, in many cases, is decidedly radical."

"Thus [the *Crimson* continues], whereas only a twelfth of Harvard's undergraduates describe their political temperament as 'radical' over a seventh support 'full socialization of all industries'; more than a fifth favor socialization of the medical profession; . . . nearly a third believe that the Federal government should own and operate all basic industries; . . . a third . . . favor immediate unilateral suspension of atomic tests; . . . a clear-cut majority . . . support 'recognition of Communist China' and a 'marked increase' in American economic aid to other countries; [one-third prefer surrender to the Soviet Union rather than a world war]; . . . two-thirds support such 'Welfare State' projects as Social Security and Federal regional power development; . . . four-fifths approve of Federal aid to public secondary schools; two-thirds support national health insurance, Federal aid to private colleges and universities, government wage and price controls to check inflation; and half support Federal financial assistance to American cultural activities." Indeed, "within the College" as elsewhere, "Federal aid is rapidly gaining the status of a magic word. Surrounded by a climate of liberalism, most Harvard undergraduates seem ready to accept increased Federal activity in almost any area of national life—from housing developments to theaters, and from farms to factories."

### *Cherchez le Professeur*

How did all this come to pass?

"For the most part," says the *Crimson*, "the College's students did not arrive in Cambridge with these beliefs; they picked them up at Harvard. Over half admit that their political views have been strongly influenced since Freshman Registration, and of these, seven-tenths have changed either 'from conservative to more liberal,' or 'from liberal to *more* liberal.' "

The balance of the report lists the agencies through which Harvard's leftward bias is most directly exerted. Foremost of these are the "lectures and assigned reading" textbooks. The highly touted neutrality of a teaching institution, on which academic freedom constructs its cathedrals, does not appear to be taken very seriously at Harvard (*e.g.*, "Harvard's introductory course in economics can hardly be considered impartial"). Extra-curricular aids-to-Liberalization include the *New York Times* ("Seven-tenths of the students read the *New York Times*—the country's most impartial, unbiased news source. But the *Times* consists of more than news columns, and its Sunday magazine appears heavily loaded with articles by liberal correspondents. . . . It has been charged that its Book Review section often ignores or blasts conservative books of high quality,

(*Continued on p. 55*)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

## *Freedom to Read in Wyoming*

For several years the American Library Association has been ardent in the cause of the Freedom to Read. I trust, therefore, that librarians will be interested in the following incident, which is concerned with the critical quarterly edited by your servant, *Modern Age*. This magazine now is nearly three years old. Its contents have been kindly praised and/or reprinted in the London *Times Litterary Supplement*, the *New York Herald Tribune*, the *Wall Street Journal*, *Best Stories and Articles*, the *Chicago Tribune*, *Documente*, *Catholic Mind*, *Christianity Today*, the *Richmond News Leader*, the *Commonweal*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and a good many other papers and magazines in the United States and abroad, of widely varied policy and opinion. So I take it that *Modern Age* is not unworthy of the attention of librarians.

Through the kindness of a foundation, one-year trial subscriptions to this quarterly were given to a number of university and college libraries. Among these was the library of the University of Wyoming. I have received an interesting communication from a teacher who studied at that university last summer. My correspondent believes that a serious "infringement of academic freedom" has occurred. I quote him at length:

### *The "Propaganda" Shelf*

"I was curious to find out if the University Library subscribed to *Modern Age*. Finding it neither catalogued nor on the shelves with other quarterlies, I concluded it was not available. Later, however, I accidentally ran across the last four issues (fall 1958—summer 1959) in a section adjacent to the periodicals. Every publication in this section, including all the issues of *Modern Age*, had the word 'propaganda' written on the front cover. There was a wide variance as to the type of material in this section, but I would say that virtually none of the publications in this section had been requested or purchased by the Library; they ranged all the way from the annual reports of corporations to tourism blurbs of various countries.

"Upon inquiry to the library staff as to what determined a publication receiving the 'propaganda' label, I was told that 'all junk' was indiscriminately given that classification. . . .

"The Library's Director of Acquisitions turned out to be the person directly responsible for the censorship. I talked about twenty minutes with him, giving reasons why I felt *Modern Age* should have this stigma removed. Particularly I emphasized the size of the magazine's circulation, the fact that the editorial advisors are mostly distinguished professors, and the obvious non-propaganda nature of the magazine. . . . I stressed the last point because on the periodical shelves there were such publications as *USSR*, *Soviet Union*, and various Socialist periodicals. All these were arranged alphabetically with other recognized periodicals, and none labelled 'propaganda.'

"He replied that *Modern Age* was received as a gift subscription, thus causing it to be placed with the obscure material. He admitted, however, there were other periodicals received as gifts which were given a legitimate status. In addition, he said he had heard of *Modern Age* when it first appeared, but frankly thought it had little chance of surviving. Our conversation ended with the assurance that, if the Library continued to receive *Modern Age*, consideration would be given to placing it on the regular shelves.

"I feel it to be of paramount importance that the University of Wyoming students have the opportunity to be exposed to the ideas expressed in *Modern Age*."

Well! Doubtless past and prospective donors of books and periodicals to the University of Wyoming will be delighted to learn that gifts customarily are referred to as "junk," marked "propaganda," filed in the rubbish-bin, and soon destroyed. And doubtless the officials of the Soviet ministry of information will be delighted to learn that *USSR* and *Soviet Union* are not considered propaganda, even though donated. There is no propaganda from our friends of the Left, you know: just facts.

And I trust that the faculty and students of the University of Wyoming will be gratified to learn of the zeal of the Director of Acquisitions for their intellectual purity; that he finds it improper for them to read a serious quarterly which publishes the work of gentlemen so well known and of such various opinions as Wilhelm Roepke, Father John Courtney Murray, Bertrand de Jouvenel, Geoffrey Wagner, Lynn Harold Hough, August Heckscher, Francis Graham Wilson, Francis Russell, Raymond English, Will Herberg, Felix Morley, J. M. Gironella, Daniel Villey, J. P. Mayer, Richard Weaver—to name, more or less at random, a few of the contributors. Vile propagandists, one and all of them.

### *The Criterion*

The Director of Acquisitions, it seems, has a useful means for arriving at complete Freedom to Read. Let the library refuse to buy, or subscribe to, whatever publication disagrees with the private opinions of the Director of Acquisitions; if such impudent dissenting printed matter is donated to the library, let it be hidden, and thrown away as soon as possible; then allow faculty and students complete Freedom to Read whatever can be found in the accessible portions of the library. They can't go far wrong with such Liberal guidance. I call to mind a fortunate phrase of Dr. Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn: "the Holy Liberal Inquisition."

Happy Wyoming, land of freedom of opinion, citadel of academic freedom! No propaganda ever will contaminate the virgin intellects of her university; the Director of Acquisitions will see to that. Do your browsing in *USSR* and *Soviet Union*, scholars, for the Truth will set ye free.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# Moral Son of a Moral Father

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

In writing *The Hero: Charles A. Lindbergh and the American Dream* (Doubleday, $4.95), Kenneth S. Davis started from a sound premise: if he could understand the "pure symbolic curve" of his subject "across the turbulence of our times," he would indeed be in a position to give us needed counsel on all the dilemmas that bedevil us today. Unfortunately, Mr. Davis lacks the temperament, the philosophical detachment and the ability to understand the ironies of history that are so necessary to the gigantic task which he set for himself.

Though he is an industrious fact-grubber who knows the nineteen twenties in intricate detail, Mr. Davis has no perspective on the decade as it figures in the stream of American life. Everyone who lived through the period looks back on it with intense nostalgia. Yet every time an author writes about it, ritualistic apologies seem to be in order. Allan Nevins and Henry Steele Commager, in their *Pocket History of the United States,* speak of the decade as "dull, bourgeois and ruthless"—but it is quite apparent in their subsequent pages that they don't mean a word of it! They are fascinated by the energies unleashed by the decade, and they are in love with its most characteristic philosopher, who happened to be John Dewey.

The twenties, like much that had gone before them in our history, were permissive in the extreme. In education, there was Dewey. In morals (or their lack), there was Freud. In ethics no less than in physics, there was Einstein, the prophet of relativity. In economics, the decade witnessed the last great flowering of individualism. In literature, the young said good-bye to Wisconsin or to Gopher Prairie, "following the dollar" (in Malcolm Cowley's phrase) to live wherever the exchange rate would produce the most bread and wine for the least in father's cash remittances. (Babbitt, in those years, was singularly generous to his art-minded son.)

Where the permissiveness took the shackles off men and women who still responded to the old Protestant ethic by acting from the enterprising and wholly moral compulsions of Ortega y Gasset's superior "anti-mass man," it resulted in just such things as Lindbergh's magnificently purposeful flight. (As Murray Godwin once pointed out, the important thing about Lindbergh's demonstration was not so much that he crossed the ocean—others had flown as far—but that he hit Le Bourget flying field in France right on the nose.) But the trouble in general with the permissiveness of the twenties was that it worked itself out in the midst of a mob cynicism that was a new thing in American history. And that cynicism, while some of it was undoubtedly due to Joseph Wood Krutch's and Walter Lippmann's "acids of modernity," was related directly to our participation in World War I, which was something that Charles Lindbergh's father, a congressman in the Bob La Follette-George Norris camp, had opposed with the uttermost fiber of his being. Prohibition, which went into effect after the war, served to heighten the general atmosphere of cynical lawlessness.

Lindbergh's flight in 1927 put him right on the spot: a people which had lost its contacts with a religious sense of wonder might think it desired a hero, but in actuality it couldn't take him. The example was too forbidding in a shining sort of way, too much of a commentary on mass standards. Lindbergh had never wanted to be a "hero" to the crowd in the first place; he had merely wanted to measure himself against the highest standards he could perceive. Naturally he resented the "pawing" of the mob—and just as naturally the mob proceeded to tear him down.

Mr. Davis, a meticulous if sometimes tasteless reporter, is quite competent to chronicle the events that led to the mass adulation and, later, to the mass rejection of the "hero." But he cannot see the meaning of the pattern. Despite his grasp of "facts," he cannot understand what participation in the First World War did to kill the old American innocence. (If we had become part of a toothless League of Nations in 1920 it would not have made the slightest difference.)

In his blindness to the idealistic reasons for the elder Lindbergh's opposition to Woodrow Wilson in 1917, Mr. Davis cannot fathom the psychology of the younger Lindbergh who had the audacity to tangle with Franklin D. Roosevelt in the months just prior to Pearl Harbor. The Lindbergh who stood up against Roosevelt was a highly moral man, the son of a highly moral father. He had a prophetic feeling that the mass destruction of Germany (the old Reich along with Hitler's current debasement of it) would let the progenitor of all totalitarianisms move uninhibitedly West, using the cynical semantics of "liberalism" and "democracy" to prepare the way. In this prophetic instinct about the penetrative powers of Marxian Bolshevism, Lindbergh was one with Bob Taft and with Herbert Hoover, men who had been through one crusade which had failed so signally of its "unconditional" purpose. Since he is unable to admit the moral quality of Lindbergh (or Hoover and Taft) as exhibited in the 1939 argument, Mr. Davis plunges without any proper forethought into the worst section of his book, the one which has to do with Lindbergh's five missions to Germany in the years 1936-39.

This part of the book, in contrast to the rest, is hardly researched at all. The facts in the case, as Mr. Davis might have discovered if he had con-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sulted a manuscript by Colonel Truman Smith which is on deposit at the Yale University Library, are that Lindbergh made two trips to Germany virtually on War Department command. Truman Smith, our military attaché in Berlin at the time, happened to be an infantryman; as such, he had not been able to get needed information about the development of Nazi airpower. Since Goering, whose first wife had been a Swedish noblewoman, loved all things Swedish, and since Lindbergh was racially a Swede as well as being an American aviator, Truman Smith

*Charles A. Lindbergh*

rightly guessed that the old "hero" of 1927 was just the man to make Goering open up. And so it proved: Lindbergh both saw and heard things which enabled Major Smith (as he was then) to forward sound information to Washington, D.C.

The success of Lindbergh's first two trips gave the new American Ambassador to Germany, Hugh Wilson, a bright idea: he would get Lindbergh to intercede with Goering in behalf of the Jews in the Third Reich. It was hoped that Goering, the least anti-Semitic of the Nazi leaders, might persuade Hitler to let emigrating German Jews take at least enough money with them to support them in their passage. Using Lindbergh as the decoy, Ambassador Wilson was able to invite Goering to the Embassy for an "airman's" dinner without having to extend an invitation to the watchdog Ribbentrop.

It was at this dinner that Goering, without warning, suddenly placed the Service Cross of the German Eagle (a decoration for "services to aviation," *not* for services to Nazism) on Lindbergh's breast. Out of consideration for Ambassador Wilson, whose hopes for alleviating the plight of the German Jews would have been ruined if Goering had been insulted, Lindbergh could do nothing but accept the medal. Later, when he showed it to his wife, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, in the presence of Mrs. Truman Smith, Anne looked at it and murmured, "the albatross." And so it proved to be in early 1941 when a vindictive Franklin Roosevelt, who knew very well that Lindbergh had been in Germany as an agent of the U.S. Government, chose to taunt his adversary with being a "copperhead" at a time when the U.S. had not yet declared war. Thus the missions which Lindbergh had originally undertaken in behalf of U.S. army intelligence and German Jewry blew up in his face.

Lindbergh's last two trips to Germany were, curiously enough, taken in behalf of the *French* government, which used him as an agent in a dicker to buy some German aircraft engines for French planes. Though the Germans finally agreed to sell a few engines for payment in foreign exchange, the deal fell through with Hitler's occupation of Prague.

All of this background material bearing on Lindbergh's 1936-39 services for the democracies and the Jews is either ignored or subtly distorted by Mr. Davis to make his "hero" seem pro-Nazi. But the record speaks for itself. True enough, Mr. Davis is sufficiently decent to chronicle Lindbergh's wartime work, which included some active flying against the Japanese in the Pacific, and he quotes Anne Lindbergh correctly as describing the Nazis not as "the wave of the future," but as *scum* on the wave of the future. For all that, the book as a whole has a petty quality. It does not grant Lindbergh anything for his prophecy that the Communists would emerge from an all-out world war in an almost impregnable position. Mr. Davis, fumbling for perspective, says at the end that Lindbergh is a "serious man," but there is no attempt to come to grips with that seriousness in its total context. Someone, someday, will have to rewrite this book.

# Time Present, Time Future

RICHARD WHALEN

THE PROCEEDINGS of the 1959 session of the General Assembly, wrote the correspondent of the *New York Times* in mid-December, will have "an important place in the history of the United Nations. Never before has the Soviet Union been so successful in imposing its views upon the Assembly. And never before has the United States . . . made such concessions to Soviet demands."

That bland report of U.S. surrender on the East River makes real and immediate the dark prophecy of *The John Franklin Letters* (The Bookmailer, $2.00). Recounted in these letters—dated between 1957 and 1976—is America's downfall at the hands of a UN-sponsored, Communist-dominated "World Authority." Writes John Semmes Franklin: ". . . the Soviet Union . . . at last waked up to the existence of an ultimate political weapon for the destruction of the United States . . . the fatal failure of will among U.S. intellectuals and politicians when confronted with the fantasies of universal brotherhood, international civil and political authority and 'one world.'"

An outgrowth of correspondence between two prominent conservatives (who prefer anonymity), this book projects an already visible trend to the Takeover in July 1970, when the Authority—in which Americans hold only 37 of 900 seats—places the U.S. under "indefinite administrative penalty." The crimes: attacking North Korea and China in the 1950's and conducting "historic psychological genocide" against the Negro race. The "Buros"—armed international bureaucrats—occupy the U.S., disarm the military forces and proclaim the "North American People's Anti-Fascist Democracy."

Fantastic? Yes. Impossible? No. U.S. adherence to the UN, when the stench of its pious amorality offends honest men everywhere, makes all



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

things possible. Yet what is to be done?

Implicit in this epistolary tract is a typically American answer: live and prepare for the future. That, unfortunately, is an inadequate answer. And because the authors of the *Letters* write earnestly and seriously, their prescription for remedying present-day America's fatal drift must be examined critically. In a letter dated June 1, 1959, John Franklin answers his uncle's question—what in the world is happening to our country? "I am becoming strongly convinced," John writes, "that the question is not so much what is happening, as *what has happened*? Somewhere, somehow, somebody seems to have pulled a plug, and let in the water to sink our national ship. . . . I believe it is possible to show that our liberties *have already been taken from us*. And I believe that here and now we must begin to plan how we are going to get them back."

No more is heard of John's "plan" until he discloses, years later, that a secret underground army—the Rangers—is being organized on a remote Pennsylvania farm. Long before the Takeover, it develops, prudent patriots oiled their firearms, took toughening-up hikes, set up a clandestine communications network, in preparation for military action that would begin only *after* the enemy had completed his initial purge and pillaging. Retreat from the present, then, is the course laid before readers who share John Franklin's belief that the national ship is sinking. His "plan" is to pull back and prepare to fight again.

If America faced Buros rather than Bolsheviks, such tactics might be sound. But it would be doubtful that Buros could take over the U.S. in the first place, for they are bandy-legged, jabbering, ape-like incompetents, quite like the sword-brandishing Japs of World War II comic books and third-rate movies. The bestial Buros (they torture people with blow-torches) are no match for the clean-cut Rangers. Anticipating the global Day of Reckoning, Ranger Franklin writes: "Silly, but the thought that crosses my mind is a whole series of 'High Noons.'" The counter-revolution thus becomes another walk down the dusty cowtown street, and the Good Guys win.

But the Bad Guys won in the alleys of Budapest, Poznan and East Berlin. They won because revolutions are not easily made against the total state. And if a U.S. version of the Irish Republican Army were pitted against the Red Army, Americans would discover the fatal difference between a tank and a tommygun. Modern wars are fought by modern armies, led by military scientists. Minutemen are extinct. Yet patriots are badly needed, not on the battlefields of imagination, but for the daily task of discriminating between fantasy and fact.

Reflecting on the Rangers' decision to take to the hills, John writes: "Over a generation . . . no single usurpation seemed worth revolt at the time. Only when the 'system' snatched away the remaining few (rights) . . . did the folly of . . . tolerance become clear. I wonder if it may not be fortuitous, historically, that this Christian people suffered this blight while it had still in its memory and tradition the moral fibre upon which to draw for passionate retribution." Immediately, the question occurs: if this people is deemed capable of counter-revolution, why can't it accomplish the far simpler task of peaceful revival? No satisfactory answer is given in the *Letters*.

In the here and now is forged the future. While purgation by blood and fire may satisfy a primal urge for purity, it is a terrible, wasteful and indefensible alternative to political responsibility. America is not yet lost. A patient dedication to the attainable, a willingness to move from here to there (as John Chamberlain might say) in the direction of freedom—these qualities will do more to save America than pessimistic plotting in the woods of Pennsylvania.

# A Scandal to the Skeptics

WILLMOORE KENDALL

"THE ASSUMPTIONS that made the idea of natural rights intellectually defensible have tended to dissolve in recent times." So reads the most widely-discussed sentence in the most widely-praised of recent American political science treatises. "The logic of natural rights," the passage goes on to say, "seems to require a transcendental view in which the right is 'natural' because God directly or indirectly wills it. God wills it as a right men ought to be (but not necessarily are) permitted by their fellows to exercise in society." And the author concludes (he is Robert A. Dahl, Chairman of the Political Science Department at Yale University, and the book is *A Preface to Democratic Theory*): "Such an argument inevitably involves assumptions that at best are difficult and at worst impossible to prove to the satisfaction of anyone of positivist or skeptical predispositions."

The tacit premise, you will notice, is that what is "intellectually defensible" in "recent times" is what can be proved to the satisfaction of positivists and skeptics: or, conversely, that one is entitled simply to read out of the recent world of the intellect those who countenance the idea of natural right, and of a God who (directly or indirectly, whatever that may mean) wills it.

The question of how many such men are left in the world of the intellect is one about which I think the positivists and skeptics are much too optimistic, and their opponents are far too pessimistic.

I think this especially when I hold in my hand such a book as *Our Public Life*, by Paul Weiss (Indiana University Press, $4.50), which is the handiwork of a teacher of philosophy at Professor Dahl's own university; one who notoriously packs 'em in and gets himself listened to; who has given a lifetime of loving study and meditation to the problems that the positivists and skeptics think to brush aside (as they are brushed aside in the passage I have quoted); who has won his spurs in the scholarly literature relating to those problems; and who is there to prove that there's a dance or two yet in the old gal the positivists and skeptics wish to see laid out in the parlor. So long as Paul Weiss is about—and he looks young and spry in the photograph on the dust-wrapper—there's hope.

No, I am not about to do Professor Weiss and his book the disservice of extending to him an unsolicited welcome into the ranks of academic reactionaries and conservatives, much less into the ranks of political reactionaries and conservatives, though



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*On One Thing Even the Liberals (mostly) Agree . . .*

*UP FROM LIBERALISM is good reading*

***He** takes his readers on a lively and tempestuous journey (Schlesinger, N.Y. Times); . . . an entertaining book (N.Y. Post); witty, rambunctious, . . . a draught of polar air (Charlotte News); A lively book that will entertain anybody who picks it up . . . excellent and stimulating reading (Newsday); No one has a deadlier aim than Mr. Buckley when he has sighted a liberal fallacy or a flaw in the liberal armor (Commonweal); A trenchant stylist, a man of agile and independent mind (N.Y. Herald Tribune); readable (Saturday Review); Written with the intellectual cockiness and x-ray vision that make Bertrand Russell so stimulating (Book Buyers' Guide); His wit and verve have become legend in his academic fatherland (Yale Daily News); Often dazzlingly brilliant . . . His weapons are an urbane wit, literary hauteur, a sharp eye for contradiction (Catholic World).*

***Have** you read "the most exciting book of the Fall"?*

*(King Features)*

UP FROM LIBERALISM *By William F. Buckley Jr.*

McDowell Obolensky Inc. • $3.50 • at your bookstore

*(or order direct from The Bookmailer, Box 101, New York 16, N.Y.)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the overlap between the academic and the political here is more common than not—who ever heard of a positivist skeptic who was a right-winger in politics? For one thing, *Our Public Life* has, like most—but not all—books that attempt to deal soberly and systematically with the important problems of politics, a programmatic aspect. It advocates more equality; more do-gooding; more desegregation of the Southern schools (though I must say Professor Weiss is more generous to the Southerners than anyone else I know of who likes to agitate this issue); more United Nations with more power to coerce more recalcitrants (it "represents the greatest advance ever made in history toward the achievement of a world state," so that we are today closer than ever before to the time when Civilization will be a reality); more Red China therefore in the United Nations; more acting and talking on as if there were no such thing as world Communism (I believe it is not so much as mentioned in the book).

All of this conservatives must deplore, and all of this, other things being equal, might have caused great joy in whatever place it is the positivists and skeptics celebrate in the room of Heaven. But other things are not equal; and I predict, with a chuckle I wish I knew how to set down on paper, that *Our Public Life* will get far deeper under the skins of the positivists and skeptics (make them more hopping-mad) than ever it will under those of conservatives. And for several reasons:

1. Its sweetly reasonable but nevertheless confident insistence that we cannot talk meaningfully about politics in the absence of the idea of Natural Law, that is, in the absence of a standard of justice to which questions of right and wrong may ultimately be appealed; which is to say that positivists and skeptics cannot talk meaningfully about politics.

2. Its air of circumspect piety about the Framers of the Constitution of the United States and, in general, the roots of the American political tradition—a piety that may one day lead Professor Weiss to keep better company politically.

3. It is true that Professor Weiss is very difficult to pin down about God (he can write "whatever God there be"). And Christians will seek in vain for any recognition that the central problem of politics arises in that nexus between the transcendent and the immanent that is the soul of man, or that the central task of politics is being accomplished only when men with well-ordered souls seek to bring law into attunement with the will of God. Indeed, Christians will want to remind Professor Weiss, when he speaks of the new religion just over the horizon in language that suggests he is thinking of founding it, that first you have got to get yourself crucified and rise from the dead. Nevertheless, his Christian readers will be far less offended by what he says than the positivists and skeptics. The latter insist on hearing what they cannot hear from Professor Weiss: not only that God is dead but that God never existed. They will never forgive him for his in many respects admirable and brilliant discussion of the Jewish and Christian conceptions of God, a discussion which commits the outrage of taking them both seriously, that is, not assimilating them to superstitions.

4. The Christians and conservatives will, as I have said, find much to disagree with. What they will not find is any position so defended, any form of words so chosen, that it might operate to close the door to further, and friendly, discussion between them and Professor Weiss, who accordingly stands forth as that Liberal we've all been looking for who truly values the discussion process, with whom therefore discussion is possible and could not fail to be rewarding. That, neither the positivists and skeptics nor his fellow Liberals will ever forgive him for.

And shouldn't. Lest they fail to be true to themselves at their best.

Any book reviewed in this Book Section (or any other current book) supplied by return mail. You pay only the bookstore price. We pay the postage anywhere in the world. Catalogue on request.

THE BOOKMAILER

Box 101, New York 16, N.Y.
The Complete Bookstore-by-Mail Service representing all U.S. publishers

# The Back Side of Paradise

GEORG MANN

With few exceptions the American academic novel has merely demonstrated the monotony of the rediscovery by the young of some of the more elementary aspects of life. Only recently have the novelists discovered that the adults who clutter up the campus may be bigger game than even the most sensitive undergraduates.

The effort was overdue. The institutionalized processing that leads to the Bachelor's Degree is a permanently expanding and expensive aspect of our society, that stamps a trademark on at least one member of every family in the United States. Marriages are no longer made in heaven, but on the sorority house porch. Professors commute to Washington to advise the federal bureaus their graduates run, or vanish periodically to replenish the nation's resources in thermonuclear or bacteriological weapons. The barracoons of corporate recruiters engulf thousands of graduates before the caps and gowns are on their way back to the rental agency. The front office desks in the trade unions are occupied by M.B.A.'s awaiting the golden moment when the aboriginal founders succumb to cirrhosis of the liver or the circulatory stress of investment management.

A growing handful of novels over the past few years have reflected this awareness of the campus as a major social institution. They include: Howard Nemerov's *The Homecoming Game;* Stringfellow Barr's *Purely Academic;* Carlos Baker's *A Friend in Power;* Theodore Morrison's *To Make a World;* Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe;* Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Exhibition.*

These novels vary as much as the two thousand-odd American campuses. Baker and Barr write with the authority of men born to the triple-striped sleeves and the purple-lined hood. They have suffered the internal agony of the interminable meetings of committees of their colleagues. McCarthy and Jarrell, comparative tourists, write better and more maliciously, if tangentially. They tend toward a preciousness, as contrasted with the earthy knowledge of academic in-



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fighting displayed by the professionals. Baker, Barr and Morrison tend toward a style as prosy as a classroom lecture.

There are similarities. The father image of the college president looms large and benignly over all these novels, with the exception of Jarrell's. His President Robbins is caricatured to the point where he couldn't possibly hold office between one meeting of the board of trustees and the next. But Baker's Vaughn, McCarthy's Hoar, Nemerov's Nagel, and Morrison's Aiken, for all their frailties, possess not only power, but a genuine sensitivity about the use of that power. The novelists' tenderness is no more than just. The president is too often not the man on top, but the man in the middle. He is caught between deficits and donors, between a sullenly mutinous faculty behind him, and outside pressures that seek to shape the campus in their own image. He resembles nothing so much as a lion tamer with a hangover, flung into a cage armed with a frayed whip, an unglued chair, and an unloaded gun on a night when the management has decided to increase the box office by mixing a few leopards in with the lions.

The role of the president is a key to the purely professional aspect of the campus. Here skill and survival are linked together as closely as on Mark Twain's river, or in Hemingway's bull ring. Here triumph and failure are measured in promotions and tenure, lectures and examinations, grants and fellowships, departmental budgets and classroom scheduling. It is, on the one hand, a world where pennies are counted in domestic budgets, and on the other, one where, thanks to foundations and fund-raising, millions change hands as casually as an assistant professor buys a pack of cigarettes. And it is a world of protocol as relentless and ridiculous as that found at the court of an eighteenth-century German Landgraf who once spent half a day at Versailles.

All of these novels treat these professional aspects and look upon the campus as a place where people make their livings within the framework of a working tradition. Devotees of the more bizarre aspects of Southern folkways to the contrary, American fiction has made its historic contribution in finding work a fit subject for literature. The professor in his native habitat may not pursue the white whale, pilot the steamboat, nor produce the motion picture. But his craft is far more important as a subject for literature than the leverages within corporate management. And the professor towers above the heroes of the minor genre of the advertising novel, in which the *Penitentes* of Madison Avenue scarify the back of the man at the next desk as they yearn for that golden moment when the television commercial becomes a genuine art form.

In addition to a serious background of professional problems, these novelists have a further advantage in the emotional climate they describe. On a per capita basis, the emotions that swirl about the classroom are far more violent and easily triggered—as such objective observers as Paul Lazarsfeld, David Riesman and George Williams have declared—than those which erupted among the allies at the siege of Troy. The corridors of campus office buildings are lined with shabby cubbyholes where legions of Achilleses sulk.

The clue to the comedy of the campus—and four of these novels rank high for humor—lies in the inevitable contrast between ideas that soar skyward, and actions that seldom burrow upward to meet the light of day. Nowhere else does immutable truth collide more thunderously with the profitable expedient. Nowhere is pretension extended farther beyond performance. Nowhere does the elephant of knowledge cower so ludicrously before the mouse of action, as Nemerov, McCarthy, and Barr so convincingly demonstrate.

Paralleling the major theme of the president-father image in these novels is the minor theme of the mother image and hearth. Professors may not be more uxorious than other men, but in these pages they certainly seem so. Faculty wives may not contend with more housekeeping tasks or more difficult children than their colleagues beyond the campus, but they obviously take them harder. Even the undomestic Jarrell creates children who are pure Blakeian tigers, burning bright with all the colors of Rousseau.

THE MAJOR WEAKNESS of these novels lies in their cavalier treatment of what the campus is all about, both in terms of education and of preserving and extending man's knowledge. Students are too often depicted as the enemy, not the opportunity.

The universities train competent professionals. But, as these novelists so amply demonstrate, they boggle at

*Advertisement*

**"MAKE ALL THINGS NEW"**

A thrilling and wonderful book, which is bringing to the people who read it a real blessing and an understanding of what has led the human race to its present sorry plight. It points out clearly what is going to happen in the near future: the book also shows what is going to happen to you and your nation.

"Make All Things New" reveals to you what not to eat to avoid the modern new-fangled diseases plaguing people, diseases brought on by the chemicalized and denatured food and drink being consumed.

*Send $2.00 for your prepaid copy of "Make All Things New"*

P.O. Box 1697, El Centro, Calif.

**Send For FREE Treatise!**

**"TWO MORE YALTAS AND THE WORLD IS THEIRS"**

Though intrinsically weak and rotten to the core, Communism has, nevertheless, spread itself over more than a third of the world — Why?

READ— **"THUGS AND COMMUNISTS"**

By LOUIS ZOUL $4.75 postpaid

"THUGS AND COMMUNISTS is a very impressive document" —HENRY HAZLITT

PUBLIC OPINION, Box 44-B, Long Island City 4, N.Y.

☐ Please send free treatise.

☐ Enclosed find $4.75 for "Thugs and Communists."

Name .....

Address .....

(Please add sales tax where necessary)



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the big issue. Custer's Last Stand of the educated mind and emotions must take place on the campus. Yet Morrison shadowboxes with an invisible shadow. Barr's hero sounds the *sauve qui peut.* Baker is content with a campus which is a good deal less than he assumes. McCarthy and Jarrell merchandise a cultivated whimsy, based on the emotions of people who are unwilling to pay the intellectual price for having emotions. And Nemerov misleads his reader. The great crisis in his novel is not the manufactured conflict over the football player, but the hero's failure of nerve at a crucial moment toward the demands of the heroine. And when Osman retires with his glass of Ovaltine, the meaning of the life of learning spills down the drain.

Yet, in the last analysis, the campus is the place where one goes for broke, or goes for nothing. It is not a refuge for self-indulgent monomaths to channelize their aggressions within a community of colleagues and students. Nor is it an expensive production line to stamp out products with a higher dollar value in the market place. It is the arena where the Moment of Truth should occupy every hour of the waking day, where, in the idiom of today's television, two-gun belted figures stroll toward each other down the dusty street and past the shuttered stores, elbows out and wrists tense, ready for the Great Showdown.

## *Theater*

# The Little Flower Blooms Again

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

FIORELLO LA GUARDIA, strutting, opinionated, squeak-voiced Italian-Jewish son of an army bandmaster, did, by the bizarre convolutions of New York politics, end up as mayor of the world's largest city. But that was before Aptitude Tests, and La Guardia never knew that what he really should have been was a musical comedy star. George Abbott and Jerome Weidman figured this out (somewhat belatedly) and suddenly there, among us again, is that buoyant, outrageous figure every New Yorker remembers, whether with irritation, affection or simply amusement. In *Fiorello!*, Abbott and Weidman have produced a play that—despite minor flaws: an occasional falloff in pace, a noticeable shortage of songs in the second act (no fair so many reprises!) and a love ballad that falls flat—stands out high as the Empire State above the more pretentious and less successful *Destrys, Gypsys* and *Saratogas.*

Like *West Side Story, Fiorello!* came to town without benefit of big star billing. And this seems to be a help. The dramatic urgencies are never sacrificed to the build-up of a particular actor. The songs are portioned out in equal measure to the three or four lead characters, all of whom, though unknowns, are talented. Tom Bosley, who might be a younger brother of La Guardia, fits as easily into the role as he does into the characteristic black suit and broad-brimmed hat that marked the political Fiorello. He has the determined, long stride of the short man, and from his first horrified squeak (at the antics of a comic-paper villain) to the last abrupt: "You're fired. Will you marry me?," the audience is his. Thanks undoubtedly to Mr. Abbott, whatever temptation there was to make of La Guardia, protector of the poor and the oppressed, a Mr. Goody Two-Shoes, was happily suppressed. The Little Flower we see here has all the exasperating qualities we remember in him.

Unlike certain other musicals, the songs and lyrics of *Fiorello!* were written expressly for the delectation of the theater audience—rather than for disk jockeys and the juke box crowd—and the resultant score shows it. The love songs are fair to average, but when it comes to political or social satire, composer Jerry Block and lyricist Sheldon Harnick hit the jackpot. When Howard Da Silva, a disillusioned ward boss in search of a candidate (". . . what we could use is a Republican—who's willing to lose"), with fat cigar chomped between teeth, roars out the now familiar "Politics and Poker" to the accompaniment of the poker-playing boys in the back room, the show is really on its way. But the satirical peak is his "Little Tin Box." Da Silva acts the part of various city employees who are trying to explain to Judge Seabury how they happen to own yachts, Rolls-Royces and mansions-on-Long-Island on salaries of $2,000 a year. Very simple, Judge, sings Da Silva (and his boys)—it's just that I returned all the empty bottles to the grocery store . . . or gave up smoking for a couple of months . . . and put the money I saved in a "Little Tin Box."

Pat Stanley, a latter-day Celeste Holm with India-rubber features, comes close to levitation in a comic song and dance number, "I Love a Cop" ("I'd marry him if he'd get an honest job"), which should guarantee her a job for life, while Patricia Wilson, the faithful-but-neglected secretary, deserves to win the boss for her rendition of "The Very Next Man." Weakest, perhaps, is the willowy and ever so slightly vapid first Mrs. La Guardia (Ellen Hanley), whose belated, well-orchestrated awareness that she is, after all, in love with her husband, comes too late for audience adjustment.

Absent in *Fiorello!* are several old-hat techniques. The songs in front of the curtain as the scenery changes and those—at this point—tiresome, frenetic, mechanistic dances which, while technically perfect, give a certain sameness to so many Broadway musicals. Instead, choreographer Peter Gennaro concentrates on two high spots. First, a spirited Yiddish street dance with a Slavic beat which climaxes an electioneering montage during which La Guardia harangues American, Italian and Jewish crowds (in all three languages) as the tenement streets which make up the backdrop change in character through the substitution of Italian and Yiddish street and store signs for English signs. The second—different in every way—is a Jazz Age Charleston, performed by a gum-chewing chorus line in which beads, spangles, feathers and dimpled knees are soon a mere jumble of color as the fantastically garbed cuties bounce all over the stage to the tuneful and sardonic "Gentleman Jimmy Walker."

You may not have liked La Guardia any more than Jimmy Walker did, but *Fiorello!*, that's something else again.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

# To the Editor

### *A Conservative Congress*

It could be that Frank S. Meyer has scored a beat in his "Politics of the Impossible" [December 19]. . . .

In 1936 Mr. Roosevelt secured a popular vote of 27 million, in 1940, 27 million, in 1944, 25 million. In 1948 Mr. Truman got 24 million; in 1952 Mr. Stevenson got 27 million, in 1956, 26 million. The Democratic candidate seems certain of 26 or 27 million votes, win or lose. The befuddled Mr. Willkie got 22 million votes in 1940, the ineffable Mr. Dewey 22 million votes in 1944. Having forgotten nothing, and learned nothing, he got 21 million votes in 1948.

But Mr. Eisenhower, who *talked* conservatism, got 33 million votes in 1952 and 35 million votes in 1956. Added millions of voters appeared, sensing that they finally had, Praise God, a conservative candidate. They know better now. They will not settle for Mr. Nixon unless he quits the excluded middle and comes back home. Cynical, disillusioned citizens have been sold down the river twice. They are not willing to follow those who gave them Willkie, Dewey and Eisenhower. But the hard mass of 26 or 27 million unreconstructed believers who have *never* been attracted to a conservative, even a false conservative, will once again vote for the good fairy. . . .

Genuine conservatives are weary of false or unlettered promises in the language of conservatism. They will have a conservative, a conservative alive and kicking, or they will not vote. They see no reason to perpetuate the myth of victory through endorsements from the Left. . . .

An over-confident, affable and garrulous President can be housebroken only by the House and the Senate. The Senate has been known to tame the wildest executives. . . . A few determined conservatives could ensure healthy, reflective, legislative attention. And if it is true that we cannot persuade the conventions to give us a conservative candidate, there is consolation. Who knows if we could even stand *him* if he inherited the present powers of the office? The station has become too lofty, too near hubris. But we can reach and talk to our congressmen and to our senators. Let the ballyhoo of a national convention be just that. We can depend on the Congress, if we insist that Congress is and must remain dependable.

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M.D.
*St. Petersburg, Fla.*

### *Family Divided*

"The True Sprit of Christmas" [January 2] was great. My whole family agrees with me; it is a marvelous piece of writing.

However, there is a difference of opinion between the sexes. My wife and my daughter, 15, say that Mrs. Heath must have written the article: "Children couldn't possibly think up such brilliant things." My son, 18, and I, on the other hand, insist that "adults couldn't possibly think up such brilliant things."

*Flint, Mich.* JOHN E. STEVE

### *How Far Left is a Martini?*

As an inveterate seeker after knowledge, I doggedly read Frederick D. Wilhelmsen's review of Alec Waugh's *In Praise of Wine* [December 19].

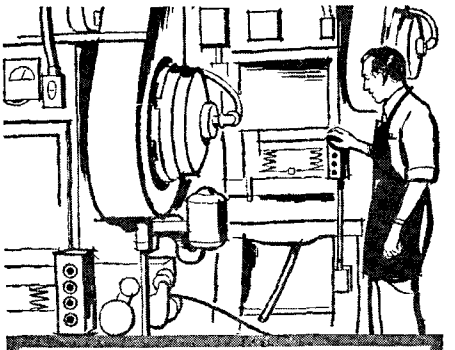
1. Mr. Wilhelmsen quotes, and seems to affirm, the proposition that the martini is a left-wing drink. Not so, my own studies indicate clearly. In my club, the membership of which ranges from low-born slob to robber baron, martinis are consumed almost exclusively by conservative merchants, conservative coal operators and conservative physicians.

2. Mr. Wilhelmsen says (honest to God, he does) ". . . I could tell him about Pisco sour which I learned to like in a four-masted barque off the coast of Peru some years ago, a divine liquid hoarded by a captain who had bad kidneys." I can't believe anybody except S. J. Perelman learned to like Pisco sour in a four-masted barque off the coast of Peru, etc.

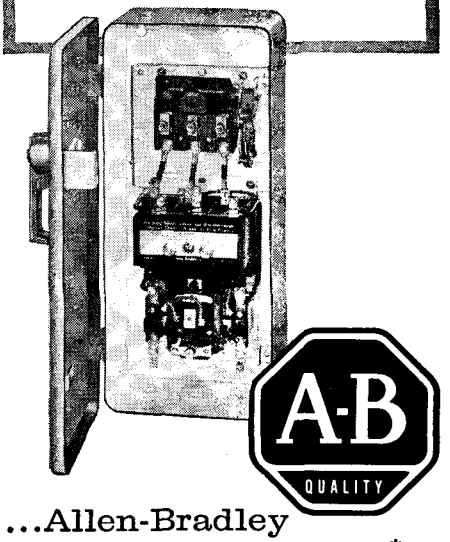
*Charleston, W.Va.* L. T. ANDERSON

Mr. Wilhelmsen may know something of wine but, judging by this piece of trash, he knows nothing of the teachings of Scripture.

If Mr. Waugh has "fulfilled and completed an apostolic injunction" by spending "a lifetime in pursuit of the

With men who really know motor control




...Allen-Bradley is first choice!*

Consulting engineers, plant engineers, maintenance men, and electrical contractors, whose experience gives them the best "know-how" of motor control—consistently rate Allen-Bradley "first choice." The continuous record of trouble free performance, with millions of dependable operations, has earned A-B control this remarkable reputation. The simple one-moving-part design, the silver alloy contacts of all A-B control, the dependable overload relays . . . all assure trouble free operation.

It will pay you to *insist* upon A-B quality motor control.

**According to nationwide surveys*

ALLEN-BRADLEY
Quality Motor Control

Allen-Bradley Co., 1350 S. Second St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ontario.




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

grape"; and if "a little wine is good for thy stomach's sake [then] much wine is good for thy soul's"; and if "excepting Bread alone, only Wine is God" then the wine-bibber is the *summum bonum* of experiential Christianity and we should look, not to the cross but to the bottle for our salvation.

Neither, Mr. Wilhelmsen, is bread God. (There, you see? I am not just a "wine snob.")

*Houston, Texas* JIMMY SPURLOCK

### *Castlereagh*

In his wrath over the Povl Bang-Jensen tragedy, Mr. William Henry Chamberlin [Letters, December 19] quotes Shelley on Castlereagh, the British foreign secretary who flourished during the Napoleonic Wars. To the poet the secretary was the personification of murder.

But Shelley was wrong about Castlereagh, and it's odd to see a magazine like NATIONAL REVIEW repeating this ancient boner. If there is one European statesman who should be a hero in your columns it is this silent, introverted, brilliant aristocrat. A true European, he (among other things) saw to it that Blücher received the reinforcements that turned the tide at the Battle of Leipzig, which was Napoleon's first great defeat.

It was he who negotiated the Treaty of Chaumont almost immediately thereafter, which kept the Allies fighting together instead of separately until the triumph of Waterloo. He, more than anyone else, was responsible for the fact that the Treaty of Vienna was not a futile pact of revenge, like the Versailles Treaty a century later. In this same treaty he induced the European powers to join with England in the suppression of the slave trade on the high seas. Finally, he negotiated the agreement between Britain and the U.S. to disarm along both sides of the Canadian border.

Castlereagh was certainly one of the most outstanding foreign secretaries in the last century and a half of English history.

What Shelley had in mind was Castlereagh's indirect involvement in a domestic policy advocated by the liberal (in the original meaning of the word) followers of Adam Smith. His party stood for an exclusively economic program at home, which would leave the political institutions of the country untouched—exactly the sort of thing, except for the difference of time and place, now advocated in your magazine by Messrs. Hazlitt, Peterson, Mises and so on.

*Washington, D.C.* ASHER BRYNES

### *Intellectual Dishonesty*

Wm. F. Buckley Jr. comments ["Ivory Tower," November 21]: ". . . how thoughtless, how anti-intellectual . . . is the sentiment of the majority of the academicians." I believe that "intellectual dishonesty," an occupational hazard of the Academy, more accurately describes this sentiment. Indeed, its symptoms might be called the Platonic syndrome.

Plato, ancient Greek Communist and idol of modern academicians, was a profound student of the individual. He taught that Knowledge, Truth, Justice and Good were synonymous. On government, however, he exhibited the tics indicative of this syndrome; thereby avoiding the fate of his Master, Socrates.

In his ideal Republic, citizens would


## –CLASSIFIED–

NATIONAL REVIEW *accepts classified advertisements for personal services, items wanted or for sale, jobs sought or available, houses or apartments for sale or rent, and miscellaneous subjects of a comparable nature.* NATIONAL REVIEW *reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. Rates per insertion; 40¢ per word, minimum 10 words; 30¢ per word for 25 or more insertions per year. If a box number is desired, count two extra words. Text, accompanied by full payment in the form of cash, check or money order, must be received 17 days before publication date. All responses to box numbers will be forwarded and postage billed periodically. Mail to be called for at* NATIONAL REVIEW *will be held 60 days only. Address: Classified Dept.,* NATIONAL REVIEW, *150 East 35th Street New York 16, N. Y.*

### JOBS & JOB HUNTERS

COLLEGE SENIOR will chaperone small group, July-August. Three foreign languages. Extensive previous travel. Wendy O'Brien, Smith College. Northampton, Mass.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new booklet describes all possibilities for employment abroad, Government and private—administrative, teaching, secretarial, technical, newspaper, professional etc. Includes "Directory of American Companies in Sixty Countries." $1.00 Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 26-R, Massapequa Park, N.Y.

YOUNG MAN, 31, corporate executive experience, law degree, interested in topnotch corporate connection. Box 14, c/o *National Review.*

### TRAVEL

WAMPLER WILDERNESS TRAIL TRIPS—hiking or riding. Yearly calendar of activities, during optimum seasons in Sierra Nevada, Havasu Canyon, Chiricahua Mts., Carmel back country and Mexico, for men, women and groups. Many including beginners, come alone—make lasting new friends. Please write: Box 45, Berkeley 1, California.

EUROPE BOUND? Enjoy your trip. Take an Italian ship. T. V. Irpinia—T.V. Ascania. GRIMALDI SIOSA LINES, 44 Whitehall St., New York 4, N.Y. BOwling Green 9-0962.

PELICAN COVE—Unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate oceanside apartments, rooms. Beach, fishing, shelling, birdwatching, sailing, loafing. Literate congenial company on balmy tropical isle. Carolyn and Tom Brown, Islamorada 3.

### REAL ESTATE

SARASOTA, Florida's finest rentals—House and Guest House, separately or together. Less than two minutes walk to Beautiful Point Of Rocks on sweeping, majestic Crescent Beach. John B. Crouse, 1019 Crescent St., Siesta Key, Sarasota, Florida.

65,000 SQUARE FEET, ONE FLOOR, for rent, new, fine building, Mid-Manhattan, ideal general office & distribution space, superb freight facilities, reasonable, immediate, may divide, air conditioning optional, contact Mr. Bill Hammer, Jr., c/o O'Gara & Company, Inc., (Real Estate Brokers), 234 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y. LAckawanna 4-6625.

WRITER'S CHARMING, distinctive home in beautiful community 75 miles from NYC. 3 double bedrooms, 2 baths, 2 fireplaces, woodland study, 2½ acres, all conveniences. Secluded, yet walking distance from stores, station. $27,000 net. Box 242, Brookfield, Connecticut. Phone SPring 5-9453, Danbury.

### LITERARY

THOUGHTFORMING MANUAL, mimeo, $2—Sensitron System, Box 1126, St. Augustine, Florida.

BACK ISSUES WANTED: "Leica Photography" 1932-35, Information to John F. Pember M.D., 508 West Milwaukee St., Janesville, Wisconsin.

URGENTLY NEEDED! Copies in good condition of January 11, 1956 issue (Vol. 1, No. 8) of National Review Magazine. Will pay 50¢ per copy. Send to National Review, Dept. JM.

PUBLISHING a book or booklet? Our free folder explains a low cost program. THE WILLIAM-FREDERICK PRESS, 391 East 149th Street, New York 55, N.Y.

NATIONAL REVIEW gets requests from time to time for names of schools and colleges that still offer a sound traditional education—understandably, for no group in America is more vitally concerned about this problem than readers of NATIONAL REVIEW. We welcome advertising from good schools and colleges, both non-sectarian and religious. (Well over 90% of NATIONAL REVIEW's readers belong to one of the three major faiths; about 45% are Protestant and about 45% Catholic.) Please write for special rates. Advertising Dept, NATIONAL REVIEW.

### MISCELLANEOUS

NEW-SPACE ALPHABET. Exciting, exclusive, decorative print 11 x 14 white on black. $1.00 postpaid. Shepard, P.O. Box 988, Palm Springs, California.

DO YOU INVEST? For prompt, courteous service and convenient midtown stock brokerage facilities, phone Leon Weil, Co-manager, Steiner Rouse & Company, MU 2-0300, Lexington and 41st St., New York City. Members New York Stock Exchange.

AVAILABLE FOR LIMITED SPEAKING ENGAGEMENTS during 1959-60 season: L. Brent Bozell, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., James Burnham, Frank S. Meyer. Write to M. Catherine Babcock, Inc., 22 Wood Ridge Road, Stamford, Conn., for details.




LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**your ad** . . . *in this space*

would reach a select audience of high income and good taste.

for full information on rates and special services to advertisers write to

Advertising Department
National Review
150 East 35 Street
New York 16

know neither their parents nor their children. Children considered defective by the "rulers" would be subjected to death by exposure. "Rulers" would be selected and trained by philosophers. Philosophers, presumably, would be appointed by God. These men of Knowledge, Truth, Justice and Good would then caution their pupils: "Our rulers will find a considerable dose of falsehood and deceit necessary for the good of their subjects."

To quote Mr. Buckley again: "*Ça va toujours à gauche.*"

*Los Angeles, Cal.* WILLIAM F. MAHER

***Russian Language Textbooks***

Thank you for the article "Those Russian Language Textbooks" by J. Ziferman [December 5]. As a student of Russian I have come upon many mistakes similar to the ones mentioned, as well as many others (especially of historical aspect).

*Toronto, Ont.* LARISSA L. A. ZALESKA

***Author Replies***

Mr. Slife [Letters, January 2] has indeed caught me out. I missed the first few minutes of *He Who Must Die* because of parking troubles, and there was no subsequent showing. So I assumed that the location of book and film were the same. I might indeed be guilty of writing reviews of films without seeing them but never of reading the other reviewers—not in Boston!

*Wellesley Hills, Mass.* FRANCIS RUSSELL

THE IVORY TOWER

(*Continued from p. 44*)

and that its News of the Week in Review (after the first two pages) often shows a decidedly liberal slant.")

It is, in a perverse sort of way, to the credit of the Harvard community that such findings can be released without flurry of any sort, and that Harvard officials have not gone about wildly, and hypocritically, disavowing what some of us have been saying for quite a while now about American educational centers: that they have become engines for the imposition of the Liberal orthodoxy. They should, however, one of these days get around, for the sake of the record, to disavowing the doctrine of academic freedom, or at least that part of it that calls for equal treatment for all sides of an issue.

**Looking for a PUBLISHER?**

Your book can be published, promoted, distributed by successful, reliable company noted for prompt, personal service. All subjects. Free Editorial Report. Inquiries also invited from businesses, organizations, churches, etc. Send for Free Booklet. Vantage Press, Dept. NR, 120 W. 31, New York 1.

**TRAVEL, ANYONE?**

. . . why not arrange your trip the way other National Review readers (*and* editors) do—let Margaret Cone make *all* your reservations—ship, plane, hotel—anything! For world-wide service *and* satisfaction, contact

MARGARET CONE TRAVEL SERVICE
Dept. R-1, 520 Fifth Ave.
New York 36, N.Y.
Tel. OXford 7-0796

**CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?**

Please give us three weeks' notice, so that you will not miss an issue (and **please** be sure to include zone numbers!). Notify:

Circulation Dept.
National Review
150 East 35th St.
New York 16, N. Y.

D. W. RICH & COMPANY

Incorporated

*Dealers in*

*U.S. Treasury Securities*

25 Broad Street

New York 4, New York

*Telephone:* DIgby 4-3151

*Teletype:* NY 1-4466

**YOU CAN BUY GOLD AT 55% DISCOUNT**

from the 1934 value by using cheap 1960 dollars worth 45c.

MAKE TREMENDOUS PROFITS. A gold price mark-up is inevitable and coming soon. If you owned gold on 3% margin, and if gold price were tripled, your profit would be 6700% (less costs)!-

PROTECT YOURSELF. Gold is the safest inflation hedge. The U. S. dollar is fiat money—irredeemable in gold. Historically, fiat money always becomes valueless. The tremendous federal debt is being converted into money, dollars into dimes.

DEFEAT THE ONE-PARTY POLITICAL DYNASTY that has held power for 25 years—by buying gold. Strike a blow for free enterprise and sound money.

LEARN ALL ABOUT IT. Read The Gold Report, now in its fourth printing, a 40-page booklet on Why, Where, and How to buy gold — legally — bullion or coin.

SEND $3 to The Gold Report, Desk NR, 4606 Austin, Houston 4, Texas. Complete satisfaction or money refunded. Airmail 25c extra.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*ANNOUNCING a revealing discussion of one of America's biggest propaganda machines:*

# The Red China Lobby

—*WHAT* is it?

—*WHO* belongs to it?

—*HOW* do they operate?

Hear this important topic discussed by

## Hon. Walter Judd

(Minnesota Congressman and former missionary in China)

and other leading authorities

(to be announced)

at the season's third

## NATIONAL REVIEW FORUM

**Hunter College Playhouse**

**Park Avenue and 68th St., New York City**

**Thursday evening, January 21**

**at 8:30 P.M.**

**Admission $1** **Students free**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED